

THE
DARK BLUE.

MARCH, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION I.



OVER holy Jerusalem hovered darkness, the darkness of but few hours, wearing out the long eastern day, and bearing in its womb the voluptuous eastern morn. The sky was still and mournful; not a star to be seen; not the slightest break in its sombre hue; on earth lay Jerusalem above its surrounding low valleys, like a city to be seen by the world, harbouring the holy plans of many creeds. The scene was shrouded from the eye of man, buried in the earth's natural atmosphere; this eastern scene, with its long harrowing history, its revolutions of peoples, and evolutions of creeds; its own grand life of centuries. The clash of arms, the groans of men, the sobs of women, the cries of children, the voices of angels, the prayers of apostles, and the dying words of the Saviour; all swam in indistinct spiritual essence around; the night was heavy with them, while the city was lost in the inanity of its present helpless condition.

The atmosphere quivered and heaved, something disturbed it; its sombreness became denser, but on a sudden it expanded; another influence separated its gaseous atoms, lifted its heavy masses, and woke from transient rest the creatures of the air; through space swam sounds, indistinct and tentative—like coming life they came twittering upon the stillness, while the gases, rarified by a stronger power still, became lighter and rose over the town, over the valleys, over the hills, over Kedron, over the Mount of Olivet, and while in the east appeared one streak of the great sun's light, another—one more—with loud tones awoke the earth, and in roseate dazzling splendour swam the scene. The

day was born in eastern fashion, strong, vivid and quick ; on the Mount rested its flushed cheek with caressing gestures, lighting up the figure of a man. Entranced he stood, his face turned upward to the fleecy vapours, his arms outstretched to embrace the great golden heavenly life-giver, his eyes starting from their sockets to see the earth's sun reigning triumphant and glowing ! A young man he was, clad in half eastern costume ; his head was bared, the long wavy locks hung over his shoulders, his face was very handsome, according to eastern type, symmetrical in feature, spiritual in expression—a type of a race that was gone—buried below there in the entrails of that ground on which he and Jerusalem stood.

From the folds of his dress the man took a book, kissed it, and read softly some pages ; he returned the book to its resting place and sat down. 'Ah, beautiful home of man, sweet earth, revolving planet of the universe,' he murmured, 'why cannot some of thy highest developed creatures walk thy crust, satisfied that they exist, adoring the Creator ? Why should all be engaged in the strife of individual interests ? Why might not one be ready to contemplate merely, raising his inner-self beyond all human love, all human desires ? Let the body be clad and be fed simply and plain, and let the mind be wrapped in ever-renewed ecstasies at the creative idea ! Creator, grant me such life, I ask no other ; let my millions increase, I need them not ; let my lands flourish, I tread them not ; let the world ask for me, I heed it not.' In his excitement he rose—'I am enough to myself, asking but one thing, to keep myself undefiled from man's desires, holy and chaste before Thee !'

He took some plain white bread from his pocket, a few dried dates, and a flask of milk. He ate and drank, and laid down on the mount ; while the sun began to ride higher and higher in the heavens. Evidently he had watched all night, for fatigue overcame him and he fell fast asleep.

An hour later he woke ; the sky had lost some of its gorgeous brightness and was a little overcast. Light grey flakes of earth-moisture had ascended, and had gathered overhead in cloudy masses, hanging above Olivet with threatening aspect of descending rain. The kiss of the cooler air had touched the young man's forehead and called him out of his sleep ; he started to his feet.

'I must be going,' he said, 'and I must leave thee, thou loving resting-place for His dear feet.' Again he drew forth the book. 'Here I have thy words brought back to the tongue in which they were spoken, my own nervous, pregnant, soft-toned Hebrew, thou great harmonious Nazarene, divine guide of man ; do they understand that name *now* ? Do they hear thy call *now* ? Do they see before their minds, thy grand and noble figure, clad in the flowing robe down to the sandalled feet ; thy spiritual countenance, lit up by the intelligence of the prophet's eye ? I have thy



words, translated by myself from modern tongues, but thy spirit, have I it? Here have thy feet rested; here thou sawest below thee thousands; here thy divine ecstatic vision looked upon the creatures, swaying backward and forward with man's passions; and here, in sentences snatched from thy seeing soul, didst thou preach to them thy words of peace! I see thee, I understand thee, Nazarene; thou didst belong to us, to the old chosen race of faith in one great God! Adieu—long may I not tread this grass, not lay on thy brown earth, not kiss the dew on thy brow—while I go and see how those who have left the old name and taken thine, how *they* understand thy seer's teaching! Adieu!' He knelt down, kissed the Mount, and slowly departed down toward the villages at its base.

* * * * *

Near the gate of St. Stephen, in Jerusalem, in a close, sombre street, stood a still more sombre house; it looked, from without, as if no actual life was going on within. Now and then odd Jewish figures passed in and out with small leather bags, greasy from much use. Suddenly a young man appeared at the end of the street, and moved slowly along with raised head and the peculiar walk of a master, up the way. He stopped before the house and entered it; he passed through the dull corridor, into a low vaulted room of immense size, and swept by a number of men, who saluted most respectfully on either side; he returned no salutation, but wrapped in his own fancies, and followed by the oldest of the men, retired to a small room at the back.

Israel Torriano, the wealthiest Jewish banker in the East, leant back in an old shabby chair, and contemplated the ceiling; before him stood Moses, the grey-headed confidential manager of the Jerusalem branch of the bank.

'Moses, thou need'st not come, go on, as usual; suck thy golden blood, and wash thy old hands in such moral chaffering filth as thou desirest, I have nothing to do with it.'

'Not sign the books, sir? Not look over the accounts, sir?' grinned Moses obsequiously.

'No, do it thyself; withdraw old man, thou reekest with the stench of dross.'

Moses went, very little concerned about his master's odd way of auditing accounts.

Israel Torriano, our handsome young Jew, of Mount Olivet, took up some letters from the table; all letters bearing the slightest appearance of business were thrown aside, a few others he opened.

'From my uncle Jacob Torriano, that I should visit him soon; I will. My cousin Rebecca expects me, her only eastern relative. What are relatives to me? I'll go. From Anton Torriano in Paris, and Joseph

Torriano in Vienna, and lastly from Benjamin Torriano in London. Help me, it is a conspiracy to draw me out, and get my capital for European use ; I'll let them have it without the visits. Money, money, money, thou everlasting tormentor, that hast become an end, from being nothing but a means. What do I care for money ? uncles and cousins, ye shall be satisfied. Wait ; that much beloved eastern cousin, the only remaining representative of this great and pure eastern Jewish stock, he shall appear to you but to vanish again, and ye shall have your heart's desire.'

Israel Torriano rose like an eastern monarch, majestic in appearance. He laid his hand upon a small bell and rang it. Moses appeared, cringing and obsequious.

'Moses, I go to-morrow to see the branches of our family in various countries.'

'On business, sir ; on business ?' said hesitatingly the old man.

'No, not on business—I know no business !'

'Not the Turkish loan, sir ; nor the Egyptian ; nor the Rajah's jewels ; and our vast tea and opium plantations ; nor the bit of hold we've got on the Russian money-market, and the small advance to the Wallachian land-owners, and the Greek corn-merchants ; and here in our own Levant, the vast undertakings everywhere, the branch houses in Damascus, in Smyrna, even in Alexandria, in Tiflis ; and, Jehovah be praised ! everywhere and anywhere. Nothing thou knowest ; great, powerful Israel Torriano of all this ?' The old man rubbed his hands, and leered temptingly. 'Think, young Israel, the world is at thy feet ; thou knowest not thy wealth. I, old poor Moses, who never stir from the gate of the Christian, who watch over it all ; I know it and I say, Israel Torriano, this empire is sweeter than a royal crown, for it is real.' The old shaggy man had lifted his skull-cap, straggling grey hairs fell over his forehead, and touched the cunning fox-eyes. Moses was the incarnate spirit of strong, grasping, gold-creating money-power.

'Be off, old man ; I'll take no fiend's bonds. Chaffer on as thou wilt, the hour for release will come.'

Moses knew the power of his master ; he cast one grand look upon him, and went to the door, but instantly returned.

'I have no power to act for thee, Israel Torriano ;' he said, rather spitefully.

'Take it then, take it ; act, act, act ; chaffer, chaffer, chaffer ; fill thy coffers, grind the borrower, manage the money market, and by all that is holy on earth, leave me out of the question ! Moses, hard-hearted money worshipper, thou who hast laid down thy life at the shrine of Mammon, forget not, that once in sacred Jerusalem, there was a school of poetry, a college of musicians ; that the prophets were taught there,

that the songs of Israel rose pure and worshipping up to Jehovah ;— Jehovah who now looks upon our stunted race, as the worshippers of Mammon. I am free and will not adore thy divinity, come what may ! Be master here, and let me go. Hence, old sinner, begone !

Moses vanished, tears in his eyes ; Moses loved Mammon, but above all, above everything, even above handsome Israel Torriano, the child he had nursed, did Moses love the sweet recollection of Jewish greatness.

* * * * *

Israel Torriano began his journey to his relations at the little ancient seaport of Jaffa. As he cleared out of its harbour there arose in his mind the visions of vessels laden with precious woods and costly building materials, coming from Syrian Tyre, and bringing their cargoes for the creation of Solomon's temple : ah ! where were those vessels now, where would he hear the call of the dusky Hebrew captain to his men, where see the fair result of such stupendous endeavours ? Three thousand years of history were a long time ; they had passed over little Jaffa and left it in the hands of the Turk, after endless struggles of rising and dying peoples ; but even three thousand years could not quite obliterate all traces of Hebrew origin—the early traces of a people worshipping *one* God among surrounding idolaters.

From Jaffa the young Jew passed on to Alexandria, where the first signs of European cultivation greeted him. He was not favourably impressed by them ; as he stepped from one steamer on the other, the figures that crowded the harbour appeared to him anxious, deteriorated by want, or swelled by authority into pompousness. The glitter of outside show had not the slightest attraction for so contemplative a mind as that of Israel Torriano ; nor could the Pillar of Pompey, the Needle of Cleopatra, or the modern buildings and fortifications, draw him on land. He smiled disdainfully as he looked on. 'The bygone pride of fallen, the present boast of existing nations ; where is the great living spirit of the master ? I see it not.'

Neither visiting mosque nor synagogue, Israel turned, almost in disgust, from one of the future capitals of modern civilisation, the observed of many eyes. Dressed more in accordance with European fashion, he bore yet an Eastern appearance, and so undoubted a stamp of not belonging to the outside world, that men and women looked askance at him. The steamer sped along over the smooth blue Mediterranean waves ; Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, in various guises of dress, crowded its deck, each using his own mother tongue ; among them stood, calm and unruffled, that handsome figure at the helm, scanning the distant horizon, with the little book in hand, forgetful of the noisy, picturesque scenes around.

The steamer passed through the Straits of Messina and along the

western shore of Lower Italy, towards the Gulf of Naples. Israel was nearing the dwelling-place of the first relatives he was to visit; but even by the expectancy of such a meeting, the young Jew remained unmoved. As he saw the fair shores of the southern peninsula, his soul lovingly encompassed their beauty.

‘What a dwelling-place for His teaching?’ he said to himself, ‘Let us see, great Nazarene, whether here, in the land that is washed by one of the gentlest seas in the world, Thy name is recognised.’

The declining sun rested on Naples; the steamer entered port, skimming over the bright surface toward its goal; the scene, north, west, east, and south was one of heavenly beauty. Its harmonious light and shade; its glorious golden-lit points of interest; its shores adorned with the palaces and villas of the great; its luminous volcanic watch-tower, great Vesuvius—all combined to seize on an ardent imagination, and proclaim the whole as one of the most beauteous sights on earth. And the dwellers on earth; were they in harmony also with its fair face? Israel Torriano, whose very name carried in its ring the consciousness of money-power; Israel Torriano raised his eyes up to the magically-tinted skies, and bathed his own exultant soul in the loveliness of natural creation!

* * * * *

In one of the most charming villas to the south of the Strada Chiaja, in Naples, lived Jacob Torriano, the Neapolitan Jew banker; his daughter Rebecca was his only child. Jacob Torriano was a great man; he pulled the strings of action in very many noble houses, and bore all kinds of state secrets in his Jewish breast. In a gorgeous room, or saloon rather, furnished with extraordinary splendour and some taste, a room that overlooked the gulf and showed in the distance Vesuvius, Rebecca Torriano reclined on a couch, her dreamy eyes directed to the same sunset that bore her Cousin Israel into port. The affinity of souls just allowed a faint interest to attach itself to the idea, that this great eastern cousin, the last of the old family stock, was to visit them soon. Rebecca, the child of her father's immoderate, extravagant, doting love, was hoping for some reprieve from the overbearing sumptuousness to which she was doomed. Tall, sturdy, and noble image of Esther type, the young girl had early grown into mature beauty, and the obtuse old father had imagined that this perfect voluptuous womanhood of hers, endowed with limbs of grand symmetry, with ardent desires to see and know the world, might be kept in a gilded cage, surrounded by things that could not but nourish her imaginative longings, and entertained merely by the society of Sarah, the nurse of her infancy.

The young Jewess turned to her harp, and sent the chords of her rich

mind vibrating over the strings ; the very luxury of her sensations made her sad, there seemed no outlet for her superabundant sympathies, all they could feed on were stolen books of Italian poetry ; the poetry of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, brought stealthily to Rebecca by old Sarah, from Jacob Torriano's library.

The setting sun gilt the elegant apartment, and rested carressingly on Rebecca's black hair ; her head lay on the harp, her soul heard, out in the exceeding loveliness of the evening glow, sounds and calls, to which she could not answer, for was she not trammelled by the bonds of golden fetters, woven round her by all that money could buy ? Sarah rushed in :

'Rebecca, child of my bosom, he has come ! He stands below in thy father's room, he the greatest, richest Jew of the east, the beloved of great Jehovah, the very image of Hebrew beauty. He be praised that I have seen him, that I have once more caught sight of what they have been in years gone by, the Hebrew men of the East. Child Rebecca, art thou ready ? He cometh ! He cometh !'

The old woman knelt in her excitement by Rebecca's side and wept.

Sounds of footsteps were heard ; before Rebecca could recover herself and Sarah rise, the banker with young Israel stood before the two women. Sarah actually took hold of Israel's coat skirt and kissed it, sobbing ;

'My eyes I have seen thee ; be welcomed by Rebecca's hand-woman.'

Rebecca rose ; dressed, as her father insisted, with rich eastern taste ; and gracefully welcomed her cousin.

For the first time in his life, Israel was so near a really beautiful woman : no red tinged his cheek, no flutter came over his heart ; young Israel bowed slightly.

'Dost thou sing Hebrew melodies ? Sing me something.'

Rebecca looked at him ; Dante, Tasso and Ariosto, had found an interpretation ; a really personified poet was before her.

'Play child. Sit down, Israel. There, look out yonder into the gulf, is Jerusalem finer ?

'Yes, to me, uncle ; and when Rebecca sings I shall be miles away on the brow of its hills.'

'Thou art attached to the East ?' said Rebecca, gently.

'Much, greatly ;' answered Israel. He meant to say something else, but checked himself, looking at Jacob Torriano.

Rebecca sang, Israel stood by her side, his eyes fixed upon her. Old Jacob rubbed his hands ; the scheme was growing, and he could see heaps of untold gold. A knock was given at the door, Sarah brought the message.

'Prince Sansi awaited the banker below.'

'Cannot come,' answered Jacob, roughly ; but on second thoughts he believed it necessary to meet the prince.

‘Entertain thy cousin, Rebecca,’ he said, leaving the room with a side look of caution to Sarah.

Israel breathed more freely.

‘Thy father, Rebecca, is old Moses over again ; much given to money-making, I can see it. Thy eyes tell another tale, cousin ; dost thou love money ?’

‘I do not know its value.’

‘Blessed art thou ; now sing me another Hebrew melody, and I will catch its tones in unison with yonder red-glowing sun.’

Israel leant over towards the open window, and Rebecca sang again to her harp ; Sarah looking at them in mute astonishment.

‘Come here, cousin,’ said Israel, as the last tones of the harp died away ; ‘come to the window.’

By Israel’s side stood Rebecca.

‘Dost thou see that sky ? Hearest thou the murmur of the waves ? Catchest thou the glimpses of the mountain yonder, and dost thou not adore ?’

‘I do adore night and morning,’ answered Rebecca.

‘Ah, in the cold formal fashion, saying thy prayers.’

‘No, my soul adoreth.’

‘Rebecca, thou art a kindred spirit ; thou art a sister.’ Israel took the little hand of the Jewess, and laid it caressingly on his shoulder. ‘Stop there, we shall adore together.’

Rebecca did stop ; but her heart began to beat faster. Sarah saw nothing ; it was all right with them. Was he not the long expected Jew bridegroom, the desired son of old Jacob ? Had those wily Christians that tried to penetrate into Jacob Torriano’s family not been kept off, one and all ? Had ever love-word been allowed to reach Rebecca’s ears ? No, she had sacredly been kept for her Jew-cousin, and all was well. Sarah thanked Jehovah in her heart.

‘Rise with me, Rebecca, into the vastness of the heavens above ; descend with me to the depths below ; cousin I believe thou art beautiful in person, like the rippling waves yonder ; value it not ; it is accidental, the beauty of shape. Let rather thy soul value Him who gave it thee, and give it back to Him. Dost thou hear, Rebecca ?’ Rebecca’s hand trembled a little on Israel’s shoulder.

‘Why dost thou tremble ? Thou art safe with me. Thou art a sacred maiden to sing with me in God’s temple, and love the words of the Nazarene.’ The last few words Israel said under his breath ; Sarah, a little deaf, heard them not.

‘The Nazarene,’ replied Rebecca, shocked ; ‘He is not of us.’

‘He was ; He was a Jew, and a chosen Jew, and loved his race.’

‘But his words are blasphemy.’

‘His words are the sweet harmonies of God’s divine creation ; they proclaim love among the creatures, Rebecca, not voluptuous indulgence ; not rich dress as thine ; not sumptuous rooms as thine ; not money-bags as thine and mine ; but simple natural love. Come share my meal, Rebecca.’ To Sarah’s utter disgust, Israel fetched out of his capacious pocket, a packet of dates, a flask of milk, small loaves of white bread, and two small cups of horn.

‘Eat and drink with me.’

Those two sat in the embrasure of the window, the room swam in reddish evening light, and the magnificent scene without gloried in the grandest natural splendour. Rebecca ate and drank with Israel the simple meal of the East, and Sarah let them alone. All was well, for was he not the Jewish bridegroom of the East ?

At that moment the banker returned, looking aghast at what he saw.

‘What ! Israel Torriano, eating in my daughter’s sitting-room ; this is defilement !’ said Jacob, rather sharply ; he caught, however, the eye of Sarah, and remembered that he spoke to him who was the possessor of unbounded wealth.

‘Nothing defiles that is done in simplicity and honour,’ said Israel, unmoved. ‘Jacob Torriano, let thy daughter go with me on the waters, I can row.’

‘Alone ? never.’

‘Why not ?’

‘It is not becoming.’

‘All is becoming that is done with chaste thoughts.’

The heaps of gold rose again before Jacob.

‘Well, Sarah may accompany you. But be back soon, supper will be spread, some great men are coming to meet thee, Israel, and thou must not fail ; besides, thou wilt need refreshment.’

‘I need no refreshment, I have supped with Rebecca ; the body should be nourished not gluttonized. Thy great men I want not, my cousin Rebecca is better company ; give them their worldly food, I look for other.’

Jacob shook his head ; true, old Moses had given him an inkling of great singularity in his nephew, but such vagaries in a man of millions, whose bearing was that of an eastern prince ! It was too bad—but what could Jacob Torriano not pardon to miles of tea and opium plantations.

The old banker watched them as they floated along on the gently swelling waves.

‘Jehovah be praised, the dearest wish of my heart is accomplished ; in my family will the old stock be renewed ; from Jacob’s loins will the great man arise, who shall sway the fortunes of thousands, as the heroes of our race did of old. If it is another kind of sway—what of that ?’

Not my fault, not our fault, but the turn of the wheel of national fortunes and man's desires.'

* * * * *

'Rebecca, seest thou those last streaks of reddish light? Seest thou the first glimmering of the rising star? Rebecca, breathest thou the balmy air of this southern clime? catchest thou the sweet hum of the night creatures of the air? Ah! all is existence; in existence is essence, in essence is co-relation, in co-relation is love, in love is divinity! Dost understand, soft-souled cousin, kindred spirit of mine? Can nothing persuade thee that the Nazarene spoke rightly, when co-relation, that is love, bore away the palm over righteousness? What was Phariseean righteousness, but self-glorification; dost understand, Rebecca? If self-glorification is nought, then ought we to glorify Him, the creator of all, for in Him the end of all co-relation, of all love, lies buried. Rebecca, glorify God with me!'

Rebecca hung her head; the impassioned voice of her companion stole cunningly into her soul, and made her nerves quiver with strange emotions that she could not define; suddenly she looked up; like one deified sat Israel Torriano by her side, resting lazily on his oars, and bathed in a flood of supreme ecstasy. A big pang shot through Rebecca's heart; was this the look of a future bridegroom? No, his was the appearance of a being enraptured with one idea, with one view of the end of the creature; not regarding the general sympathies of fellow beings, but withdrawn from them by a peculiar education, and directed towards one sublime end!

Was *this* the Nazarene's teaching? Poor Rebecca—willess, through continued tutelage and excessive luxurious surroundings,—poor Rebecca allowed this sudden inspiration to die away, and listened once more to the voice of the tempter, that would fain steal her soul and entwine it with his own.

'Sayest thou nothing, Rebecca?'

'Cousin Israel, to-night thou comest to us like the whirlwind of a new life from the East, thou hast overwhelmed me with new thoughts; I cannot tread thy road, as yet; obliterate not my own, before I see thine.'

Rebecca had, within a couple of hours, been awakened to an inner existence; the Italian poetry had found an interpretation, and she could have called out to her old friends: 'Oh, come tell me what is this new life?'

'Let us return, Rebecca, we have seen enough to-night; never over-gorge ourselves even with spiritual inspirations; be temperate; be chaste in all!'

And Israel Torriano, having all his life roamed round the hills of

Jerusalem at his will ; Israel thought suddenly to subdue and train the rebellious heart and warm blood of his luxuriously nursed cousin, Rebecca.

Jacob pressed his nephew in vain to come to the sumptuous late supper ; Israel went to his allotted room, and by the open window lay down to sleep.

Rebecca sat in her own room, staring into the Neapolitan night ; listening to the harmonious splash of the waves, and repeating softly to herself the words again and again : ' Would he had never come ! Cousin Israel, thou hast never read Italian poetry ! '

Sarah at last persuaded her young mistress to go also to rest.

* * * * *

As the greyish tints of the early morning vanished, and the first golden rays lifted Naples into life ; so rose Israel, anxious to catch the sight of each day's new birth. All was still ; the house was locked at every outlet, and Israel deftly climbed from the windows of his room. Hushed before him lay the first European city he had seen. He turned from the gulf ; from the lovely scene of the green hills and luxurious foliage, that were coming into bolder relief at every new ray, and went into the town. Jerusalem was not a savoury place ; he knew all its dark corners—its wretched neighbourhoods ; but Jerusalem was a city of sorrows, given over to the Turk ; Naples, the refined queen of southern Christian Italy, would surely present another appearance. Here the discordant elements of human interests would be blended by religious influences into one harmonious whole. Israel went along the Strada Chiaja and Santa Lucia ; here and there he stumbled, in the first flush of the morning, over a sleeping lazzaroni, who turned drowsily to the other side ; into deserted Toledo he roamed by magnificent palaces and innumerable churches ; he stood in many of the squares, or largos, and admired statues that rose before him like ghosts of former times ; on the largest square, the Largo di Mercato, the shades of the last Hohenstauffen fell upon him, though he knew it not ; into the close alleys he went, and saw the dirty rags at windows, the begrimed doorsteps, the forlorn look of the first risers preparing their early avocations. Signs of nightly broils and carouses struck him ; the toll of the church bells, so well known from the monasteries in Jerusalem, fell upon his ear, sombre and mournful ; and dispirited Israel returned from his ramble to the Villa Torriano. To wash off his first impressions, he dived into the now gloriously lit gulf, and came forth refreshed and better able to identify his ideas upon the early morning life of Naples. Rebecca, roused betimes, had just enjoyed her own luxurious bath. She stood at her window as Israel looked up. ' Come down here, cousin, and take your breakfast with me.'

Rebecca came, issuing for the first time in her life alone from the villa. Israel had already provided himself with fresh milk, dates, and bread.

‘Wilt thou share my simple meal?’

The two sat outside the sumptuous Jewish house, where the servants just stirred, and tardily began their work. Israel and Rebecca chatted, and looked out into the bright morning; fishermen and market-women coming by, who knew beautiful Rebecca, stared and laughed good-humouredly.

‘Come with me, cousin, on a short morning row.’

‘I dare not, Israel. My father and Sarah would object.’

‘Thou darest with me—I’ll answer for it. Come as thou art. Put this scarf over your head.’

Rebecca went. They entered a boat lying alongside, one used by the servants of the villa, and rowed off.

‘There they are! Israel!—Rebecca! come back!’ called both Jacob Torriano and Sarah, running out to the shore.

But Israel took Rebecca’s hand, held it up to her father, shook his head, and went off with his prize.

‘Well, well, Jacob Torriano, thy desires go nearer the fulfilment of their goal than thou hadst imagined. Say little about it, Sarah.’ So the banker returned to the house.

Within a couple of hours, just as the heat was becoming oppressive, the cousins returned—Israel in excellent spirits—Rebecca thoughtful. She expected a rebuke, and received none—the opium and tea plantations protected her.

The full life of the city now began, and Israel stood long watching the shore, listening to the chatter, to the call of the sellers, and the offers of the boatmen. Suddenly he rushed off, and went into the thickest, stared at by every passer by.

* * * * *

They had all come—from Rome, from Venice, from Milan, from Florence, from Turin, from Genoa—the great money interests of Italy—the men in whose hands lay the fortune of war, under whose thumb throbbed the fate of millions of human beings—the men who stalked about ‘change in simple plain clothes, wearing under them the insignia of princely, and more than princely power; the men who bought the exertions of thousands, who made hills arise and seas dry up; who spanned oceans with ways of intercommunication, and fetched treasures from the depths of the earth; the men who govern our world—the capitalists who are the lords of our day’s creation.

They had come to see the young Jew of the East, whose father had been one of the greatest money-sagacities of the world—holding in his hand the east and west, the north and south; and who had allowed little

Israel Torriano, the motherless child, to rove about Jerusalem, and learn what lessons he could from old Moses. There was such an infinite charm attached to this offspring of a mighty father, that the news which telegraph wires had flashed to them: 'He is coming'—had stirred their souls. Many speculations were left unsettled; many a loan was unconcluded. They hurried to greet him, the last shoot of the eastern branch.

All day had carriages deposited visitors at Torriano Villa. The house was crammed. Little bargains were concluded in its spacious marble-inlaid saloons; nice slices of the income of sovereigns were cut and passed to a cousin; shares in all conceivable undertakings—from the drying-up of the malaria swamps in the Campagna to the furnishing an emperor with means to fight his neighbour—were argued. The chair of St. Peter himself did not escape the entries of their pencils—money and money-power bring heaven to earth, and earth to heaven!

They waited, but he came not; Israel Torriano had disappeared after his row with Rebecca, and had not been seen since. The savoury dishes were prepared, the valuable plate was set out, enticing aromas filled the house, busy waiters ran backward and forward; it was to have been a great reception day for the money of the West to receive the money of the East, and the money of the East would *not* be received. They could wait no longer; the little bargains had all been made, and had whetted the appetite of the bargainers. At last human nature could stand it no more, and they sat down to the sumptuous feast without him for whom the feast had been prepared.

Rebecca was in her room; ladies were not admitted to the sacred gathering of the male elders. She was dreaming at her window, as the slanting rays of the sun began to descend, and the cool earth-moisture gently to ascend. Her heated fancy would turn back to the morning, when Cousin Israel had rowed out far into the gulf, and had spoken mystic words to her—of new thoughts and new sympathies—words that, coming from his own ecstatic, temperate soul, could not water the luxurious plant of her own yearning affections. Rebecca felt, with keen foresight, that Cousin Israel would never love *her*. And yet, how immeasurably grand it would be to be beloved by him! This evening her own thoughts were fuller of meaning than all poetry, even that of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto. She thought she heard some faint sounds carry her name up to her—it was nothing; still it had sounded 'Rebecca,' in *his* voice. She touched her harp in answer, and tears—hot, scalding, burning tears—rained over the vibrating strings.

Sarah entered. 'Child, I have a letter, it is from him; I may give it thee. Come, let us read it.'

Rebecca trembled. 'Give it me, Sarah, and leave the room; I cannot read it while anyone is here.'

'Ah! already so far gone; well, well, child, I have thy father's orders. Thou mayest do, in this matter, as thou listest.'

Sarah went, and Rebecca opened the letter with unsteady hands; her eyes refused at first to read. Little by little she became accustomed to the bold Hebrew characters, and devoured the contents.

'Cousin, I go; I shall not see thee again. Listen to-night to the evening air, it will carry thy name on its balmy wings over to thee, from me. Thou art the only sweet being I have met at Naples, during my visit of one day. I have this day seen this Christian city, and have seen so little teaching of the Nazarene, that I think men have forgotten him. Was He in those eager crowds that hung about with lean faces and tattered garments? Was He among those dirty children and miserably looking women? Was He in the solemn meaningless chants of the churches? Was He in the ornaments and ceremonious profusions of the processions I saw? Was He in the stolid faces of the monks? Was He in the glitter of the shops; the proud bearing of the rich in their carriages; the gay unconscious prattle of the fashionable? Where was He? I could almost see His enemies—the self-righteous Pharisees—stand at the corner and say their prayers, 'that they are not such as those.' Ah, only in thy mild, soft eyes, was He at all; was some of His spirit! Cousin, sister, flee thy sumptuous life; become simple as He was; He, who was born in our nation, a Nazarene; ask not for mortal love, it lives not in purity. I have seen *that* to-day which has told me human love may become vile! Keep away from it; thou art one of the few elected; give your grand soul to God; worship Him and his beautiful works, and keep your sweet body chaste before Him—an offering from the creature to the Creator. Oh, cousin, disappoint me not; fulfil thy mission, and give me thy hand in the spirit, to walk the earth as beings capable of some higher instincts! Thou alone art worthy of a word; I have left none for thy father or his guests; they want not me, but those golden heaps attached to my name! They shall have them, they are welcome! Adieu, thou blessed kindred spirit!'

And Rebecca rose, her figure became taller, her agonized looks went up to the heavens. 'Come and gone!' Oh, how should she bear this heart pang? How should she bear this lost hope that had been instilled into her ears for years and had become a portion of herself? She crushed the letter in very misery; and woman, simple ardent woman as she was, she knew that her cousin was in his high aspirations treading perhaps the tenderest feelings under foot. Rebecca, thrown upon a sea of revolutionary emotions, was paying the heavy penalty of having given her soul to one who had never asked it, and who had valued it not.

[To be continued.]

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF AUSTRIA.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, B.A.

A GLANCE at the map of Austria, or a very slight consideration of its circumstances, will suffice to show a startling difference between its condition and that of most other Empires. While in other Empires the different parts are kept together by the great tie of community of race or language, Austria is made up of several different races, speaking different languages, and, in some cases, bearing towards each other anything but friendly feelings. In addition to this, the various provinces into which Austria is divided, in nearly every instance have a greater regard for local autonomy than Imperial unity, and, in some cases, adhere to a national policy, which looks for aid and development to forces without, not within the Empire. The position of Austria to its different provinces is analagous to the position of England to Ireland, with this important distinction, that England has but one Ireland, while Austria has at least half-a-dozen. Take the different provinces of Austria *seriatim*, and there is scarcely one in which separatist tendencies will not be found more or less developed. Bohemia has been fighting for years a fierce and uncompromising battle for Home Rule; Moravia, Tyrol, and most of the other provinces of Cis-Leithan Austria, make similar demands for themselves, and lend willing aid to Bohemia. Gallicia is Austria's share of divided Poland; it is scarcely necessary, then, to add that the aspirations of Gallicia have some other goal than a united Austrian Empire. The provinces in which the German population is in the overwhelming majority are alone the ardent defenders of centralism, and it is surely no unjust imputation on them to suspect that they are not free from that aspiration after German unity which has been the lode-star for so long a period of their race. Assuredly they now and then cast longing glances from the heterogeneous Empire of hostile races of which they now form part, across to the united, powerful, and homogeneous German Empire 'over the border.' Similarly in Trans-Leithan Austria, Croatia returned at the last elections fifty Home Rulers in opposition to thirteen Imperialists; and Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia have their dream of a great Southern Slav Empire. Transylvania is likewise ill-affected; it is inhabited in great part by Roumanians, who cherish the hope of one

day leaving Austria behind for, union with their brethren scattered throughout the Christian dependencies of Turkey. When we recollect that previous to 1867 there was a still further and more serious element of confusion in the discontent of the as yet unfreed Hungarians, the condition of Austria at that period may be well imagined. With an Empire so hopelessly divided, it was evident to any reasonable man that a great catastrophe, which would ruin the *prestige* of the *status quo* and weaken the force of its defenders, was alone necessary to make the *status quo* impossible. Sadowa came, and with Sadowa the first blow to the Centralism which denied all concession to the demand of local autonomy. For Sadowa affected the internal policy as nearly as the foreign policy of Austria; it not alone destroyed the influence of Austria in Germany, it was equally fatal to the influence of Germany in Austria. For at least a century previous to 1866, Austria was engaged in the struggle with Prussia for the hegemony of Germany. While such a struggle lasted the non-German inhabitants of Austria could easily be treated with considerable indifference. The struggle was one in which they took little interest, in which they could count for but little, while the German inhabitants of Austria necessarily appeared all-important to the Austrian Minister. Vienna, accordingly, the city of Germans, and the German provinces, ruled the country, and sent forth their decrees to Pesth, and Prague, and Agram, without paying any heed to the discontented murmurs that came from these cities. But Sadowa, we say, changed all this. The army by which Centralism was imposed upon the Empire, was beaten; the finances in helpless confusion; and, Austria and Germany being hopelessly separated, the Austro-Germans found themselves unable any longer to maintain their attitude of unyielding superiority; they had no longer millions of German brethren to aid them: they exchanged the position of a vanguard, followed close behind by a powerful army, for that of a mere garrison, surrounded by races hostile in feeling and overwhelmingly superior in number. The first consequence of this altered state of affairs was the compromise with Hungary, to which it is now unnecessary to allude further than to say that Hungary received a very large share of local autonomy, an independent Parliament, with a Premier and Ministry alone responsible to that body.

Those, however, who supposed that the problem of Austria's future constitution was settled by the compromise with Hungary, were doomed to bitter disappointment. In the first place, any concession to local autonomy was certain to intensify, in an Empire like Austria, the separatist demands of other races and provinces. So long as a policy of strict and unyielding Centralism was maintained, the Czechs of Bohemia might revile Centralist statesmen, but they could not accuse them of inconsistency. But the principle of autonomy recognised in Hungary,

‘With what reason,’ asked the Czechs, ‘was it violated in Bohemia?’ Again, the compromise with Hungary, while it abolished the supremacy of one minority and of one race, established the supremacy of another minority and another race. The laws of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia are made in the Magyar town of Pesth, and for the most part by Magyars, just as, previous to 1867, they were made in the German town of Vienna, and for the most part by Germans. Yet, of the fourteen or fifteen millions of people who form the entire population of Hungary and its dependencies, but five millions and a half are Magyar. There is this further explanation of the dissatisfaction of the Slavs who inhabit Croatia and Slavonia, that in the past these two provinces have had—to some extent, at least—a history and an existence distinct from that of Hungary—a history which, in some of its phases, left a legacy of hostility to the Magyar and the Croat. To refer to no more remote date than 1849, it was the aid of Croats which, with the intervention of Russia, rendered Austria effective assistance in stamping out Hungary’s rebellion. The Croats, moreover, ask with some bitterness if it be just or consistent that Hungary, which fought so long and strenuously for Home Rule for itself, should be the first to refuse it to another. While the compromise of 1867 thus left many difficulties unsolved in Trans-Leithan Austria, Cis-Leithan Austria received even more emphatically a *damnosa hereditas* of perplexing problems. Bohemia, Moravia, the Tyrol, and the other non-German provinces of Cis-Leithan Austria, object as strongly now as did the Magyars before 1867 to what they consider the predominance of Vienna and the German provinces; and they appeal to the fact that this predominant German race forms but 38 per cent., while the Slavs form 49 per cent. of the population. The contest between the two opposite parties—the Federalists, consisting almost exclusively of Slavs, and the Centralists, consisting almost exclusively of Germans—has, since 1867, been carried on with great fierceness and somewhat curious tactics. In Cis-Leithan Austria the Reichsrath is not elected directly from the various constituencies. Each province has a local Parliament—what in America would be called a State Legislature—and this Parliament selects from its members a certain number of delegates for the Reichsrath, or Central Parliament. Now, as in the greater number of the provinces the Slavs form the majority of the population, the Federalist party carries the majority in the provincial Parliament. This majority in the provincial Parliament takes care that every delegate shall belong to its party; and thus the minority is left completely unrepresented. Now the Reichsrath consists of 203 members, and of these 100 must attend to form a legal quorum. The great party stratagem, then, of the Slavonians is to absent themselves from the Reichsrath, so as either to render it legally incompetent to discharge

business or to seriously diminish its authority. On the other hand, when a Centralist Minister finds himself at the head of affairs, his foremost task is to bring together a Parliament sufficiently numerous to legally transact business. The Slavs, as we have remarked, forming the majority in the greater number of the provincial Parliaments, this task is by no means an easy one ; in fact, the Reichsrath now in most cases is so thinly attended that it stands every moment on the brink of falling below the legal quorum ; and thus, a representative Chamber in which the majority of the people is unrepresented, it fails to command anything like real respect from the entire country. The results of such a state of things have been just as unfortunate as might have been readily anticipated. Crises and Ministries follow each other with that fatal rapidity which characterises Spain, Greece, Roumania, and other countries in a condition close to political chaos.

And the rapid change of persons, involved in the speedy rise and fall of Ministers, marks but half the evil of the present condition of Austria ; it is an equally serious matter that, with the rapid change of persons, there is likewise a rapid change of systems. As a rule, the existing Ministry is the direct antithesis of that by which it was preceded. Let it be observed how this policy works by the example of Count Hohenwart's Ministry. Count Hohenwart was an advocate of Federalism in perhaps the most extensive meaning of the term. Nominated directly by the Emperor, he came before a Parliament, which was in reality no Parliament ; and in which, practically, opposition to Federalism was alone represented. Of course, his policy was condemned by such a Parliament : but then Count Hohenwart represented the Federalists, that is, the majority of the population, while the Parliament represented the Centralists, that is the minority of the population : and the Emperor found himself able to disregard the Parliament, and to retain his minister. This is the first strange scene in this curious history. Well, Parliament was prorogued ; and Count Hohenwart was thus left at liberty to pursue his plans in his own way. At once, he opened negotiations with the leaders of the Home Rule party in Bohemia and the other provinces. Dr. Rieger, who a few months previously had been denounced as a traitor by Count Beust, then the highest minister of the crown, was called in by Count Hohenwart to counsel the Crown. Dr. Rieger and his companions accordingly drew up a regular detailed Bill of Rights ; this Bill of Rights was regularly brought before the Parliament of Bohemia, was discussed, and passed, and thus became a public legal document. More than this, the Emperor was made to express, in an imperial rescript to the Parliament of Bohemia his approval in a general way of the demands of Bohemia, and his Ministers undertook to bring Bohemia's demands as a Government Bill before the Reichsrath.

In other directions also Count Hohenwart had been busy. All the provincial Parliaments in which the Centralists had a majority were dissolved, in the hope that new elections under a Federalist Government would bring in Federalist majorities ; and every means were adopted to obtain the number of representatives in the Reichsrath, necessary for the purpose of carrying the constitutional changes contemplated. Meantime, the journals, and the members of the different parties were not idle ; perhaps the language of opponents was never more outspoken and unsparing ; and it is difficult to imagine how short of actual civil war, party passions could be more highly excited. At last, when the new elections had produced the results Count Hohenwart had desired ; when the Reichsrath, ready to approve a whole system of Federalism, was just about to open its doors ; after the monarch had come to be regarded and to be spoken of for months as an enthusiastic supporter of Count Hohenwart's policy ; when the Federalist journals spoke with the assurance of a near victory, and the Centralist journals had sunk from rage to despair ; in the midst of this state of things, by no parliamentary action, not in obedience to the expressed will of the majority of the people, but merely by the combination of Count Beust and Count Andrassy,—Hohenwart was dismissed, and his elaborately constructed system hurled to the ground. A few weeks more, and Hohenwart the extreme Federalist, is succeeded by Auersperg the Centralist. The Federalist Diets are dissolved, just as the Centralists had been ; Federalist officials are replaced by Centralist officials ; Rieger and his companions are relegated to the domain of outlawry ; and a Reichsrath is once more assembled, in which the majority of the people is unrepresented.

A word or two on the position of the present Government and the present Reichsrath will not be uninteresting. When the Reichsrath was opened, there were about 120 members out of the 203 present. Of these 120 members, about twenty were Poles, and four or five were Slavonians, that is, adherents of the Federalist party. Now the Poles, like the Bohemians, come from a Slav stock ; like the Bohemians, they demand a very large share of local autonomy, and like the Bohemians, they owe more than one grudge to the German race. It will thus be seen that they are, in many respects the natural allies of the Bohemians, and the Federalist party, and the natural enemies of the German and Centralist party. This also deserves to be remembered at the present moment, that, during the entire course of Count Hohenwart's ministry, when the complete transformation of Austria into a Federation was contemplated, the Poles gave their sanction to this scheme by allowing Count Grocholski, one of their chief leaders, to remain a member of the Cabinet. Now, the quorum necessary to the Reichsrath is 100 members ; and thus it will be seen that at a moment's notice, the Poles, and the few Slavs could,

by withdrawing, bring all legislation to a dead-lock.* The German party, perceiving this difficulty, are engaged in negotiations with the Polish Deputies ; and a committee of the Reichsrath has been appointed to form some basis of agreement. Galicia demands a very large share of Home Rule ; and thus it must be observed with regard to these negotiations, first that the German party, in its zeal against the Federalist tendencies of the Czechs, is willing to prove untrue to its Centralist programme with regard to the Poles ; and secondly, these negotiations show how weak is the tenure by which a Centralist Government holds power. For, the demands of the Poles are by no means over modest ; and the German party is not willing to give any concessions to Galicia, without adequate compensation. The compensation demanded, is that the Poles should vote in favour of direct elections—that is, that the Reichsrath should in future be elected immediately from the people, instead of mediately through the Provincial Parliaments, as at present. But, as there is in Galicia a troublesome minority, of somewhat philo-Russian tendencies, and as ‘direct elections’ would probably give increased representation to this minority, the Polish members display the utmost unwillingness to meet the demand of the German party. Thus the existence of the Reichsrath depends on the Poles ; and the *entente cordiale* between the Poles and the Germans is liable to daily shocks. It is obvious that this state of things is attended with more than one ill result. A Government so unstable can infuse no confidence into the country, and no terror into its opponents, and thus, men live in daily expectation of another crisis, and the Federalists, in the hope of early victory, abate not one jot of their pretensions.

The difference in the attitude assumed to the Reichsrath by the Poles, and that assumed by the Czechs, suggests some reflections on the foreign policy of Austria. As we have already remarked, the Poles and the Czechs would appear to be, and, indeed, have generally acted as natural allies. How is it, then, that having the same ends, and coming from the same stock, they are now found in opposite camps ? How is it that the Poles, by attending in the Reichsrath, and thus rendering it legally competent to transact business, consent to paralyse the great political weapon of the Federalists ? The chief cause of this difference in policy is to be found in the relations of the two parties, not to the Austrian but to the Russian Empire. These relations are as different in the two cases.

* Since this was written, all the members of the Reichsrath, with the almost sole exception of the Czech Deputies of Bohemia, have put in an appearance in the Reichsrath. But those who have thus joined the Reichsrath belong, with scarcely an exception to the Federalist party ; and if they thought the interests of that party would be advanced by such a step, they would, there is little doubt, withdraw *en masse*. Their presence for the moment in the Reichsrath does not affect what I have written.

as could well be imagined. To explain this difference it is necessary first to understand something of the movement known under the term, 'Panslavism.' As the name implies, the political idea conveyed in the word Panslavism is that, pretty much as all, or nearly all, the members of the great German race are united together in one Empire, so all the members of the Slav race should likewise be brought into union under one government. The Pan-Slav party originated in Russia; and Russia is intended by them to play the same part to the Slav race that Prussia played to the German race. There is no country outside Russia so nearly affected by this movement as Austria. This will be easily understood when it is remembered that the Slavs are the most numerous race in that Empire. In Cis-Leithan Austria they form 49 per cent. of the population; and in Trans-Leithan Austria they form 16 per cent.; and setting down the entire population of the Empire at about thirty-five millions, the various members of the Slav race amount to about fifteen millions and a half; while the Germans amount to but nine millions, and the Magyars to but five millions and a half. Moreover, the Slavs are so situated as to command the Empire at several advantageous points. The Slav province of Bohemia bounds Austria on the north; the Slav provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia bound it on the south; and they form no mean minorities in the provinces situate in the heart of the Empire. It will thus be seen that a Pan-Slav movement, if taken up energetically by the Slavs of Austria, would seriously threaten the existence of the Empire. The first effect of this state of affairs is seen in the difference between the conduct of Bohemia and that of Gallicia. The Poles, of course, have no feelings but those of hate and fear for Russia; and the Pan-Slav party thus finds in Gallicia the most determined enemy of its designs upon Austria. The Czechs, on the other hand, in the presence of a German race, which they regard as naturally hostile, as unfairly predominant in the present, and grossly tyrannical in a long past, are inclined to look with no unfavourable eyes to the united and powerful empire of their brethren in Russia. While the Czechs, then, can utilise the Pan-Slav movement as a bug-bear for the Germans, the Germans can utilise the Pan-Slav movement as a bug-bear for the Poles. The Pan-Slav movement affects Austria in another sensitive point. The Christian dependencies of Turkey have a population which is to a very considerable extent Slav; and the Pan-Slav party certainly include them among the factors of the empire of their dreams. The Christian dependencies once in her possession, Russia's road to Constantinople would be almost completely open; and Austria has always displayed the greatest hostility to such a realisation of Russian designs.

It will now be seen that the plans of a powerful party in Russia—plans in many respects parallel with those of the Russian Government—

threaten the very life of Austria ; and must, if she is to exist in anything like her present form, be resisted with unceasing vigilance and the sternest determination. But how can this be done if the majority of Austria's population are more friendly to Russia than to the present Austria—if the Austrian Government has continually to encounter the willing auxiliaries of Austria's most dangerous enemy in the heart of the Empire itself? On the other hand, the Slavs once pacified, Austria could well afford to despise the propagandism of Russia's agents ; for the Czech, or the Croat, who has tasted the blessings of liberty in Austria, and who has reached a position commensurate with the dignity of his nationality, will care but little to become the mean province of a despotically-ruled Russia. The views I now express find an ardent advocate in a man who has certainly some right to be heard with attention on Austrian affairs. Writing immediately after the fall of the Hohenwart Ministry, Kossuth said : 'The overthrow of the programme put forward by the Czechs, drives the Czech nation—not individual zealots, but the whole nation—into the arms of Pan-Slavism—that is, of Russia. This movement will spread like wild-fire towards the south and east, down to the Black Sea. *Et vires acquirat eundo.* And since Czech autonomy was prevented by means of Ministerial influence from Hungary, the Pan-Slavist agitation, thus senselessly excited, will necessarily flow over into Hungary, and turn itself with the greatest fury against us. The German, in case of necessity, will retire into Germany, and will once more be among his own people ; but we Hungarians can become neither Pan-Germans nor Pan-Slavs ; and will thus be placed in the position of the soldier who stabbed himself in fear of death. Thus it stands with us. Pan-Slavism, which formerly appeared but sporadic, already becomes epidemic in Hungary. Then neither press prosecutions nor coercion will be of any avail : the ocean cannot be driven back with a broom.' And having thus painted the danger to Austria of Pan-Slavism, Kossuth goes on to propose the only means by which, in his opinion, the threatening evil can be averted. His remedy is—'To offer up everything, so that every Slav people in possession of a territory, which history has stamped with the character of a country, and of an historically-developed national individuality, may be made a free, contented nation, holding this legitimate national individuality, and itself controlling its own affairs. The Czech, who can be a free Czech in his own country—the free master of his own fate—this Czech will have nothing to do with Pan-Slavism.'

And, now, having treated of the difficulties with which a policy of strict Centralism is attended, a word should be given to the Federalist programme. In the first place, an Empire, to have any strength, ought to be something more than a 'fortuitous concourse of atoms.' While, then, the different provinces may claim a very considerable share of local

autonomy, attention should be given to the unity of the Empire. There must be no domination of any one city, or any one race. And this principle should be applied not merely on behalf of the Slav against the German : the German can appeal to it with equal justice against the Slav ; and the Slav three millions of Bohemia should no more be allowed to tyrannise over the German minority of two millions, than the German majority of Lower Austria over the Slav minority of the same province.

But it is evident that ultimately concessions must be made to the malcontent nationalities. Francis Deak is a man whose fidelity to the Magyar race will not be questioned : he is a Magyar of the Magyars, and the chosen and most trusted counsellor of the Magyar Parliament of Hungary. This man it is that, speaking some weeks ago of the various members of the Slav race in Hungary, used the following remarkable words : ' If we are to win over the nationalities we must not act as if we would Magyarise them at any cost, but so that we may make Hungarian connection agreeable to them. For two things are clear to me : to desire to root them out would be godless barbarity, even if they were not so numerous that their destruction is impossible.' These words, which bear the impress of the strong sense of justice and statesmanlike sagacity for which Francis Deak is so distinguished, ought to be laid seriously to heart by the statesmen of Cis-Leithan Austria. A continuance of a system of rigid Centralism would be unjust ; it is likewise impossible. It is ridiculous to suppose that the repression of a national majority by a national minority can be permanent ; and the political events in Austria since 1867 show that the Slav majority of that Empire is so far advanced in political wisdom as to know perfectly well how to make the best use of its advantages. The present condition of Austria may be thus summed up : A minority dominant, but incapable of maintaining its domination ; a majority discontented, and active in putting forward its claims ; within, the country restless and distracted by ever-succeeding crises, and rapid changes of persons and systems ; without, the foreign policy paralysed by the want of all union in the political aspirations of the various nationalities. The *status quo*, then, is devoid of all stability, and attended with many dangers. Is it not high time that a serious attempt should be made to put a prompt end to so undesirable a state of things ?

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this article was written, events of some moment have taken place in Austria. But as these events are in themselves of great importance, and as they do not interfere with the general principles laid down in the foregoing paper, their discussion may be conveniently deferred to another opportunity.

NOCTURNE.

THE sweet breeze freshened, the moon shone bright ;
 We pushed out to sea at the dead of night,
 At the dead of night, when the heart beats free,
 My Love and I we pushed out to sea.

And wood and valley and hill and stream,
 As the waning forms of a broken dream,
 Or the dying fall of a mournful lay,
 Afar in the moonlight faded away. !

And speeding swift from the haunts of men,
 Our light boat bore our light hearts then,
 Swanlike sailing, with wings outspread,
 Under the arch of the stars overhead.

The moon, and the small stars caught in her rays,
 Struggling pale through the luminous haze,
 Saw how fair was my Love, and came
 Wandering round her in night-bleached flame.

The sea, and the waves in their fall and rise,
 Bosomlike heaving with languid sighs,
 Lifted, and tumbled, and broke with desire,
 Licked, and fawned on her with tongues of fire.

For what on the earth, the sea, or the air,
 Could with my beautiful Love compare ?
 So delicate subtle pure and intense ;
 The rich world's honey and quintessence.

Her eyes, where love like a great light shone,
 Thrilled to their depths as they met my own—
 Thrilled, and kindled, and flashed in mine,
 Luminous tremors of love divine.

As the fierce hot shock of cloud on cloud,
When the lightning leaps through its sultry shroud
Till the whole sky reddens—thus, frame to frame
Flung convulsive, and mixed in flame.

Yea, her whole life swooned into mine, as swoons
The sunset into the broad lagoons ;
Ruddy red radiance of sunset that flows
To the sea, till the sea blossoms out like a rose.

Low lisped the light wind, low laughed the wave ;
The sleek sea rocked us, meek as a slave,
In silver linen the moon us laid,
And sleep o'erlapped us with curtaining shade.

* * * * *

Is it the night-wind sighs in a dream ?
Shrills thus through my slumber the sea-gull's scream,
Wailing afar with a homeless cry ?
Dank on my bosom the night-dews lie.

Blurred is the moonlight, the starlight is quenched,
The sun-bright locks of my Love are drenched
With a limber mist, that has stealthily crept
Over her limbs while she lay and slept.

Her fervid limbs, and her flower-like face,
They feel so chill in my fond embrace ;
And yet she slumbers as deep and mild
In her ocean nest as a cradled child.

Awake thou, Dearest ! See, yonder the white
Bright moon, the radiant Queen Lily of night,
Strains through wan drifts to gaze down on the sea ;
Thus break through thy dream, Love, and stream, Love,
o'er me.

Lo, the moon bursts forth in warm splendour and might,
The fiery small stars swarming after her light,
All at once, all together, shine straight from above—
Awfully clear—on the face of my Love.

The face of my Love ! My faint body quakes
Like a rattling leaf which the winter-wind shakes ;
A curdling horror thickens my breath.
O God ! in my Love's face I meet that of Death !

Icily beautiful ! terribly fair !
Her eyes with a wide, blank, lustreless stare
Are fixed upon mine, and the strangling gold
Of her hair coils over me fold upon fold.

Her snow-soft arms freeze round me, like chains
Whose strange cold eats through my burning veins,
Till the sick heart rears, and its pulses moan
'Gainst a heart that is as a heart of stone.

Hide, hide thy light, garish moon, lest I see
The dull, froze, passionless eyes upon me.
Come Darkness engulph us ; black Storms come and
hide

The glittering marble that once was a bride !

Rage round us, old Ocean, with primal pain ;
Roll over, confounding the forms of the brain ;
Roar round with large roarings, trample my head ;
Bury the quick that is chained to the dead !

Bury the dead and the quick in one gloom—
One ebbing, and flowing, and earth-girdling tomb—
Ever, for ever quench Light, that is shed
As in derision, on sweet Love dead !

MATHILDE BLIND.

A PIPE OF OPIUM.

BY G. A. HENTY.



WE had dined at the Indian Service Club, and a better place to dine it would be hard to find in London. Fellows, of the Temple, Forbes, major of one of the Madrasee regiments, Harley, Commissioner of some place with an unpronounceable name in the north-west provinces, and myself; Harley had been our entertainer. After dinner we had dropped into a theatre, but the performance was voted slow, and Fellows had suggested that we should adjourn to his room, where he promised that we should find a good fire, and the materials for grog. The proposition had been agreed to *nem. con.*, and we were shortly seated round a blazing fire, with full tumblers on the table behind us, and our pipes fairly alight.

During dinner our conversation had never once touched upon India, for we were schoolfellows, and had not foregathered since we left Westminster, just twenty years ago. So we had talked over old days, had played many hard-fought matches of cricket and football, had recalled many a hard pull against tide up to the Old Swan, had lamented over these degenerate days when there is no 'water' at Westminster, and had said 'don't you remember?' many dozens of times. Fellows and I had never lost sight of the old school, but to these bronzed and bearded men from India it came so freshly and delightfully, that we never once had the heart to change the conversation. As far as appearance went, Fellows and I looked years younger than our old schoolfellows, but in other respects they were a full decade our juniors. I have often noticed this before. There is something either in the Indian life or in the Indian atmosphere, which if it does not kill men or make them confirmed invalids, preserves the freshness of their spirits and gives them a fund of life and fun, and a heartiness and power of enjoyment perfectly astonishing to those who have been plodding on in the hard struggle of life in England.

Once fairly seated round the fire, we began to talk about India, and after several amusing stories, I asked Harley, 'You were through the

mutiny, were you not?' He nodded with the sudden seriousness which almost invariably comes over the face of those who went through that terrible time.

'And you too, Forbes?'

'No, I was out there, of course, and we had an anxious time of it, but the Madrasees were in the end true to their salt. Harley was on the Bengal side, so he was in the thick of it. If I remember rightly, your regiment mutinied suddenly, and shot down most of its officers at mess, did it not Harley?'

Harley nodded again, and looked very gravely into the fire, while he puffed away at his pipe. He was so long silent that I thought that he had some objection to speak on the subject, and was about to change it, when he said, 'Look here, I will tell you a story about that business which I have never told before, except to my wife. I have never explained it at all to my satisfaction, and I should not like to hear fellows making their comments upon it. I don't ask you never to tell it again; but I must ask you not to tell it until after I have left England, and then to put in entirely different names and places. I don't want to have scientific fellows writing and asking me all sorts of questions, and more than hinting that they look upon me in the light of a liar. You give me your words as to that?'

We all pledged ourselves, wondering much as to what could be coming after this singular exordium; moved our chairs rather closer to the fire, took a sip at the grog, and then looked at Harley, who was taking short puffs at his pipe, evidently getting up the steam at a great rate. At last he told us the story, in, as near as I can recall them, the following words. I need not say that I have kept my promise, and changed the names of persons and places throughout.

COLONEL HARLEY'S STORY.

I landed in India in '52, and, after going through the regular drill work, marched with a detachment up country, to join the regiment which was stationed at Jubbalpore, in the very heart of India. It has become an important place since, the railroad from Bombay goes there, and no end of changes are taking place, but at that time it was one of the most out-of-the-way stations in India, and I may say one of the most pleasant. It lay high, there was capital boating on the Nerbudda, which to me, as a Westminster, was a great thing, and, above all, it was a grand place for sports for it lay at the foot of the Hill country, an immense district, then altogether unknown, and only explored during the last few years, covered with forests and jungle, and abounding with big game of all kinds. My great friend was a man named Simmonds. He was just of my own standing, we had come out in the same ship, had marched

up the country together, and were almost like brothers. He was an Etonian, and as fond of the water and of sport as I was. We had great times together, but it is not of that I am going to tell you now.

The people in these hills are called Gouds, they are a true hill tribe; that is to say aborigines, belonging to the negro type. The chiefs are of mixed blood, but the people are almost black. They are supposed to be Hindoos in point of religion, but are utterly superstitious and ignorant. Their priests are a sort of cross between a Brahmin priest and a negro fetish man, and used to charm away the tiger from the villages with incantations. Here, as in other parts of India, were a few wandering fakirs, who had an extraordinary reputation for holiness and wisdom. The people would go to them from great distances for charms or predictions, and believed in their power with implicit faith. At the time when we were at Jubbulpore, there was one of these fellows, whose reputation completely eclipsed that of all his rivals, and nothing could be done until his opinion had been asked and his blessing obtained. All sorts of marvellous stories were constantly coming to our ears of the unerring foresight with which he predicted the termination of diseases, both in men and animals, and so generally was he believed in, that the colonel ordered that no one connected with the regiment should consult him, for these predictions very frequently brought their own fulfilment; for those who were told that an illness would terminate fatally, lost all hope, and literally sat down to die. However, many of the stories that we had heard could not be explained upon these grounds, and the fellow and his doings were often talked over at mess; some of the men scoffing at the whole business, others maintaining that some of these fakirs certainly had the power of predicting events; citing many well authenticated anecdotes upon the subject. The older officers were the believers, we young fellows were the scoffers. But for the well known fact that it is very seldom indeed that these fakirs will utter any of their predictions to Europeans, some of us would have gone to him to test his powers. As it was, none of us had ever seen him.

He lived in an old ruined temple, in the middle of a large patch of jungle, at the foot of the hills, some ten or twelve miles away.

I had been at Jubbulpore about a year, when I was woke up one night, at about two o'clock, by a native who came in to say that at about eight o'clock, a tiger had killed a man in his village and had dragged off the body. Simmonds and I were constantly out after tigers, and the people in all the villages within twenty miles, knew that we were always ready to pay for early information. This tiger had been doing great damage, and had carried off thirty or forty men, women, and children. So great was the fear of him, indeed, that people in the neighbourhoods he frequented scarcely dared stir out of doors, except in parties of five or six.

mutiny, were you not?' He nodded with the sudden seriousness which almost invariably comes over the face of those who went through that terrible time.

'And you too, Forbes?'

'No, I was out there, of course, and we had an anxious time of it, but the Madrasees were in the end true to their salt. Harley was on the Bengal side, so he was in the thick of it. If I remember rightly, your regiment mutinied suddenly, and shot down most of its officers at mess, did it not Harley?'

Harley nodded again, and looked very gravely into the fire, while he puffed away at his pipe. He was so long silent that I thought that he had some objection to speak on the subject, and was about to change it, when he said, 'Look here, I will tell you a story about that business which I have never told before, except to my wife. I have never explained it at all to my satisfaction, and I should not like to hear fellows making their comments upon it. I don't ask you never to tell it again; but I must ask you not to tell it until after I have left England, and then to put in entirely different names and places. I don't want to have scientific fellows writing and asking me all sorts of questions, and more than hinting that they look upon me in the light of a liar. You give me your words as to that?'

We all pledged ourselves, wondering much as to what could be coming after this singular exordium; moved our chairs rather closer to the fire, took a sip at the grog, and then looked at Harley, who was taking short puffs at his pipe, evidently getting up the steam at a great rate. At last he told us the story, in, as near as I can recall them, the following words. I need not say that I have kept my promise, and changed the names of persons and places throughout.

COLONEL HARLEY'S STORY.

I landed in India in '52, and, after going through the regular drill work, marched with a detachment up country, to join the regiment which was stationed at Jubbulpore, in the very heart of India. It has become an important place since, the railroad from Bombay goes there, and no end of changes are taking place, but at that time it was one of the most out-of-the-way stations in India, and I may say one of the most pleasant. It lay high, there was capital boating on the Nerbudda, which to me, as a Westminster, was a great thing, and, above all, it was a grand place for sports for it lay at the foot of the Hill country, an immense district, then altogether unknown, and only explored during the last few years, covered with forests and jungle, and abounding with big game of all kinds. My great friend was a man named Simmonds. He was just of my own standing, we had come out in the same ship, had marched

up the country together, and were almost like brothers. He was an Etonian, and as fond of the water and of sport as I was. We had great times together, but it is not of that I am going to tell you now.

The people in these hills are called Gouds, they are a true hill tribe; that is to say aborigines, belonging to the negro type. The chiefs are of mixed blood, but the people are almost black. They are supposed to be Hindoos in point of religion, but are utterly superstitious and ignorant. Their priests are a sort of cross between a Brahmin priest and a negro fetish man, and used to charm away the tiger from the villages with incantations. Here, as in other parts of India, were a few wandering fakirs, who had an extraordinary reputation for holiness and wisdom. The people would go to them from great distances for charms or predictions, and believed in their power with implicit faith. At the time when we were at Jubbulpore, there was one of these fellows, whose reputation completely eclipsed that of all his rivals, and nothing could be done until his opinion had been asked and his blessing obtained. All sorts of marvellous stories were constantly coming to our ears of the unerring foresight with which he predicted the termination of diseases, both in men and animals, and so generally was he believed in, that the colonel ordered that no one connected with the regiment should consult him, for these predictions very frequently brought their own fulfilment; for those who were told that an illness would terminate fatally, lost all hope, and literally sat down to die. However, many of the stories that we had heard could not be explained upon these grounds, and the fellow and his doings were often talked over at mess; some of the men scoffing at the whole business, others maintaining that some of these fakirs certainly had the power of predicting events; citing many well authenticated anecdotes upon the subject. The older officers were the believers, we young fellows were the scoffers. But for the well known fact that it is very seldom indeed that these fakirs will utter any of their predictions to Europeans, some of us would have gone to him to test his powers. As it was, none of us had ever seen him.

He lived in an old ruined temple, in the middle of a large patch of jungle, at the foot of the hills, some ten or twelve miles away.

I had been at Jubbulpore about a year, when I was woke up one night, at about two o'clock, by a native who came in to say that at about eight o'clock, a tiger had killed a man in his village and had dragged off the body. Simmonds and I were constantly out after tigers, and the people in all the villages within twenty miles, knew that we were always ready to pay for early information. This tiger had been doing great damage, and had carried off thirty or forty men, women, and children. So great was the fear of him, indeed, that people in the neighbourhoods he frequented scarcely dared stir out of doors, except in parties of five or six.

We had had several hunts after him, but like all man-eaters, he was old and awfully crafty, and although we had got several snap shots at him, he had always managed to save his skin.

In a quarter-of-an-hour after the receipt of the message, Charley Simmonds and I were on the back of the elephant, which was our joint property, our shikaree, a capital fellow, was on foot beside us, and with the native trotting along in front as guide, we went off at the best pace of old Begaum. The village was fifteen miles away, but we got there soon after daybreak, and were received with delight by the population. In half-an-hour the hunt was organised, all the male population turned out as beaters with sticks, guns, tomtoms, and other instruments for making a noise. The trail was not difficult to find. A broad path, with occasional smears of blood, showed where he had dragged his victim through the long grass to a clump of trees, a couple of hundred yards from the village. We scarcely expected to find him here, but the villagers hung back while we went forward with cocked rifles. We found, however, nothing but a few bones and a quantity of blood. The tiger had made off at the approach of daylight to the jungle, which was about two miles off. We traced him easily enough, and found that he had entered a large ravine from which several smaller ones branched off.

It was an awkward place, as it was next to impossible to surround it perfectly with the number of men at our command. We posted them at last all along the upper ground, and told them to make up in noise what they wanted in number. At last all was ready ; we went back to the mouth of the ravine and gave the signal. However, I am not telling you a hunting story, and need therefore only say that do what we could we could neither disturb nor find him. In vain we pushed Begaum through the thickest of the jungle, which clothed the bottom and sides of the ravine, while the men shouted, beat their tomtoms, and showered imprecations of all kinds against the tiger himself and his ancestors to their remotest generation. The day was tremendously hot, and after three hours' search, we gave it up for a while, and lay down in the shade, while the shikarees made a long examination of the ground all round the hill side to be sure that he had not left the ravine. They came back with the news that no traces could be discovered, and that, beyond a doubt, he was still there. A tiger will crouch up in an exceedingly small hole, and will sometimes almost allow himself to be trodden on before moving. However we determined to have one more search, and if that should prove unsuccessful, to send off to Jubbulpore for some more of the men to come out with elephants, and to keep up a circle of fires and of noises of all descriptions, so as to keep him a prisoner until the arrival of our reinforcements. Our next search was no more successful than our first had been, and having, as we imagined, examined every clump and

crevice in which he could have been concealed, we had just reached the upper end of the ravine, when we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a perfect babel of yells and screams from the natives. The outburst came from near the mouth of the valley, and we felt at once that our prey had escaped. We hurried back to find, as we expected, that the tiger was gone. He had burst suddenly out from his hiding place; had seized a beater, torn him horribly, and had made across the open plain. This was terribly provoking, however there was nothing to do for it but to follow. This was easy enough, and we traced him to a detached patch of wood and jungle two miles distant. This wood was four or five hundred yards across, and the exclamations of the people at once told us that it was the one in which stood the ruined temple inhabited by the fakir of whom I have been telling you. I should tell you that as the tiger broke out, our shikaree who was stationed there had fired at him, and, he declared, wounded him.

It was already getting late in the afternoon, and it was hopeless to attempt to beat the jungle that night, we therefore sent off a runner with a note to the colonel, asking him to send the working elephants, and to allow a party of volunteers to march over at night to help surround the jungle when we commenced beating it in the morning. We based our request upon the fact that the tiger was a notorious man-eater, and had been doing immense damage. We then had a talk with our shikaree, and sent off to bring provisions for the people out with us, and set them to work cutting sticks and grass to make a cordon of fires.

We both felt considerable uneasiness respecting the priest, who might, at any moment, be seized by the enraged tiger. The natives would not allow that there was any cause for fear, as the tiger would not dare to touch so holy a man. Our belief in the reverence of the tiger for sanctity was by no means strong, and we determined to go in and warn him of the presence of the brute in the wood. It was a mission with which we could not entrust anyone, as no native would have entered into the jungle for untold gold; so we mounted the Begaum again, and moved into the wood. The path was pretty wide, and as we went along almost noiselessly, for the Begaum was too well trained to tread upon fallen sticks, it was just possible that we might come upon the tiger suddenly, so we kept our rifles in readiness in our hands. Presently we came in sight of the ruins. No one was at first visible; but almost at the moment the fakir stepped out from the temple. He did not see or hear us, for we were rather behind him, but at once proceeded in a high voice to break into a sing-song prayer. He had not said two words before his voice was drowned in a terrific roar, and in another moment the tiger had sprung upon him; struck him to the ground; seized him as the cat would a mouse, and started off with him at a trot. He evidently had not detected our

presence, for he came right towards us. We halted Begaum, and with our fingers upon the trigger, waited for the favourable moment. He was a hundred yards from us when he had struck down his victim, he had lessened the distance by some five and twenty when he saw us. He stopped for an instant in surprise, and Charley muttered 'Both barrels, Harley,' then the beast turned to plunge into the jungle, but as we got sight of his side we sent four heavy bullets crashing into him, and he rolled over lifeless. We went up to the spot, made the Begaum give him a kick to make sure that he was perfectly dead, and then got off to examine the unfortunate native. The tiger had seized him by the shoulder, which was terribly torn and the arm was broken. He was still perfectly conscious.

We at once fired three shots, our usual signal that the tiger was dead, and in a few minutes were surrounded by the villagers, who hardly knew whether to be more delighted at the death of their enemy, or grieved over the injury of the fakir. We proposed taking the latter to our hospital at Jubbalpore; this he altogether refused, but we finally persuaded him to allow his arm to be set and his wound dressed in the first place by our surgeon, after which he could go to one of the native villages and be treated in accordance with his own notions. A litter was soon improvised, and away we went to Jubbalpore, which we reached soon after eight o'clock. The fakir refused to allow himself to be taken into the hospital, so we brought out a couple of tressels, put the litter upon them, and the surgeon set his arm and dressed his wound by torch-light, when he was lifted into a dhoolie, and his bearers again prepared to start for their village. Hitherto he had scarcely spoken a word, but he now briefly expressed his deep gratitude to Simmonds and myself. We told him that we would come over to see him shortly, and hoped to find him getting on rapidly. Another minute and he was gone.

It happened that we had three or four fellows away on leave or on staff duty, and several others knocked up with fever just at that time, so that the duty fell very heavily on the rest of us, and it was over a month before we had time to ride over to see him. We had heard that he was going on well, but we were surprised to find on reaching the village that he had already returned to his old abode in the jungle. However, we had made up our minds to see him, especially as we had agreed that we would endeavour to persuade him to do a prediction for us, and so we turned our horses' heads towards the jungle. We found him sitting on a rock in front of the temple, just where he had been seized by the tiger. He rose when we rode up.

'I knew that you would come to-day, sahibs, and was joyful in the thought of seeing those who have preserved my life.'

'We are glad to see you looking pretty strong again, though your arm is still in a sling,' I said ; for Simmonds was not good at Hindostanee. 'How did you know that we were coming?' I enquired, when we had tied up our horses.

'Siva has given to his servant to know many things,' he said, quietly.

'Did you know beforehand that the tiger was going to seize you?' I asked.

'I knew that a great danger threatened ; and that Siva would not let me die until my time had come.'

'Could you see into our future?' I asked.

The fakir hesitated, looked at me for a moment earnestly, to see if I was speaking in mockery, and then said :

'The sahibs do not believe in the power of Siva or of his servants. They call his messengers impostors, and scoff at them when they say what will happen.'

'No, indeed,' I said ; 'my friend and I have heard of so many of your predictions coming true that we are really anxious that you should tell us something of the future. If you feel grateful to us for that tiger business you will do as we ask you.'

The fakir nodded his head, went into the temple, and returned in a minute or two with two small pipes, used by the natives for opium smoking, and a brazier of burning charcoal. They were already charged. He made signs to us to sit down, and lay down upon the ground in front of each of us. Then he began singing in a low voice, waving a stick which he held in his hand. Gradually his voice rose and his action became more violent. As far as I could make out, it was an invocation that Siva would give some glimpse of the future which might benefit the sahibs who had saved the life of his servant. Presently he darted forward, gave us each a pipe, took two red-hot pieces of charcoal in his fingers without seeming to know that they were hot, put them upon the pipes, and then recommenced his singing and gesticulations. A glance at Charley to see if, like myself, he too were ready to carry the thing through, and then I put the pipe to my lips. I felt at once that it was opium, of which I had once before made an experiment, but mixed with some other substance, which was, I imagine, haschish, a preparation of hemp. Three or four puffs, and I felt a drowsiness creeping over me. I saw, as through a mist, the fakir swaying himself backwards and forwards, his arms waving and his face distorted as if in a fit. Another minute and the pipe slipped from my fingers, and I fell back insensible. How long I lay there I do not know. I woke with a strange and not unpleasant sensation, and presently became conscious that the fakir was gently pressing, with a sort of shampooing action, my temples and head. When he saw that I opened my eyes he left me, and performed

the same process upon Charley. In a few minutes he arose from his stooping position, waved his hand in token of adieu, and walked slowly back into the temple.

As he disappeared I sat up. Charley did the same. We stared at each other for a minute without speaking, and then Charley said :

‘This is a rum go, and no mistake, old man.’

‘You’re right, Charley. My opinion is we’ve made two fools of ourselves. Let’s be off out of this.’

We staggered to our feet, for we both felt like drunken men, made our way to our horses, poured a mussuck of water over our heads, took a drink of brandy from our flasks, and then, feeling more like ourselves, mounted and rode out of the jungle.

For some time neither of us spoke, and then Charley said, with a slight laugh :

‘Well, Harley, if the glimpse of futurity which I had is true, all I can say is that it was extremely unpleasant.’

‘That was just my case, Charley.’

‘My dream, or whatever you like to call it, was about a mutiny of the men.’

‘You don’t say so, Charley?’ I exclaimed ; ‘so was mine. This is monstrously strange, to say the least of it ; however, you tell your story first, and then I will tell you mine.’

‘It was very short,’ Charley said. ‘We were at mess—not in our present mess-room—the fellows of some other regiment were dining with us. Suddenly, without any warning, the windows were filled by a crowd of Sepoys, who opened fire right into us. Half the fellows were shot down at once ; the rest of us made a rush to our swords just as the niggers came swarming in at the window. There was a desperate fight for a moment. I remember that Subadar Pirán, the steadiest fellow in the regiment, by the way, made a rush at me, and I shot him through the head with a revolver ; at the same moment a ball hit me, and down I went. At the moment a Sepoy fell dead right upon me, sheltering me from sight. The fight lasted a minute or two longer. I fancy a few fellows escaped, for I heard shots outside, and then the place became quiet. In another minute I heard a crackling and saw that the devils had set the mess-room on fire. A man who was lying close by me got up and crawled to the window, but was shot down from the outside the moment he showed himself. I was hesitating whether to do the same or to lie still and be smothered, when the thought flashed across my mind that there was a place under the mess-room, half cellar, half ice-house, built to keep wines, soda water, and so on, cool, so as to bring them in without taking them through the air. The entrance was by some steps, through a sort of trap in the ante-room.

With the greatest difficulty I rolled the dead Sepoy off me, crawled along into the next room, half suffocated with the smoke, raised the lid of the trap, which was very thick and heavy, and stumbled down the steps, the trap closing over my head with a bang. That is all I remember.'

'Well, Charley, curiously enough my dream was also about an extraordinary escape from danger, and was even shorter than yours. The first thing I recollect—there seems to have been something before, but what I don't know—I was on horseback, holding a very pretty, but awfully pale, girl in front of me. We were pursued by a whole troop of cavalry, who were taking pistol shots at us. We were not more than seventy or eighty yards in front, and they were gaining fast just as I rode into a large, deserted temple. In the centre was a huge stone figure. I jumped off my horse with the lady, and as I did so she said, "Blow my brains out, Edward; don't let me fall alive into their hands." Instead of answering, I dragged her round behind the idol, pushed against one of the leaves of a flower in the carving, and the stone swung back and showed a hole just large enough to get through, with a stone staircase inside the body of the idol, made, no doubt, for the priest to go up and give responses through the mouth of the idol. How I knew of the secret entrance I have no idea. I hurried the girl through, crept in after her, and closed the stone just as our pursuers came clattering into the courtyard. That is all I remember.'

'Well, it is monstrously rum,' Charley said, after a pause. 'Did you understand what the old fellow was singing about before he gave us the pipes?'

'Yes, I caught the general drift. It was an entreaty to Siva to give us some glimpse of futurity which might benefit us.'

We rode for another mile without a remark, and then Charley said: 'Let's have another pull at our flasks and light our cheroots.'

This was done, and as it was getting late we put our horses into a canter. When we were within a mile of home we drew up.

'I feel ever so much better now,' Charley said. We had not got the hashish out of our heads before. How do you account for it all, Harley?

'I account for it in this way, Charley. The opium naturally had the effect of making us both dream, and as we took equal doses of the same mixture, it is scarcely extraordinary that they should have affected the same portion of the brain, and caused a certain similarity between our dreams. In all nightmares one is on the point of something terrible happening, and it was the same thing here. Not unnaturally, in both our cases, our thoughts turned to the soldiers. If you remember, there was a talk at mess some little time since as to what would happen in the extremely unlikely event of the Sepoys mutinying in a body. I have no doubt that was the foundation of both our dreams. It is all natural

enough now we can think over it calmly. I think, by the way, we had better agree to say nothing at all about it in the regiment.'

'I should think not,' Charley said; 'we should never hear the end of it; they would chaff us out of our lives.'

We kept our secret, and in turn came to laugh over it heartily when together; then the subject dropped, and by the end of a year had as much escaped our minds as any other dream would have done. Three months after the affair, the regiment was ordered down to Allahabad, and the change of place no doubt helped to erase all memory of it. Three years after we had left Jubbulpore we went to Beerapore. The time is very clearly marked in my memory because the very week we arrived there May Courtenay, now my wife, came out from England to her father, our Colonel. The instant I saw her I was impressed with the idea that I knew her intimately. I recollected her face, her figure, and her very tone of voice, but where I had met with her I could not conceive. Upon the occasion of my first introduction to her I could not help telling her that I was convinced that we had met, and asking her if she did not remember it. No, she did not remember, but very likely she might have done so, and she suggested the names of several people at whose houses we might have met. I did not know any of them. Presently she asked how long I had been out in India.

'Five years,' I said.

'And how old, Mr. Harley,' she asked demurely; 'do you take me to be?'

I saw in an instant my stupidity, and was stammering out an apology, when she went on:

'I am very little over eighteen, Mr. Harley, although I evidently look ever so many years older; but papa can certify to my age; so I was quite a little girl when you left England.'

I apologised immensely, of course, and explained that it was only her extraordinary likeness to some one I had known well in England, that had so completely deceived me, that I had never taken possibilities into consideration. She was immediately down upon me about it, persisting that I considered that she looked about forty years old, but I think that the fun rather drew us together, and gave us a sort of intimacy, which helped me at the time when half the men in the station were at her feet. Of course, I saw that I had been mistaken, but the likeness haunted me for a long time, the more so that I could never recall where I had known the original. I need not tell you the details of our love-making. At the time when the mutiny broke out, we were not actually engaged, but I had spoken to her father, and as I had a fair income besides my pay, he made no actual objection, although he said with great truth, that he had expected that she would have done better.

He was an uncommonly good fellow though, and gave his consent, stipulating that there was to be no engagement whatever for six months from that time, so as to give her an opportunity of doing better if she chose. May and I understood each other, though I had never actually spoken to her, and I knew that she was not a girl likely to change, so I was quite content to accept the stipulation.

It is a proof of how completely the opium dreams had passed out of the minds both of Simmonds and myself, that even when rumours of general disaffection among the Sepoys began to be current, they never once recurred to us, and even when the news of actual mutiny reached us, we were just as confident as the others of the fidelity of our own regiment.

At last the tidings of murder and massacre reached us, and a thrill of horror and alarm ran through the European community. We had no white troops, and were literally at the mercy of the Sepoys. The demeanour of the troops, however, remained unchanged; the native officers assured us that they were thoroughly staunch, and would defend their officer against any regiment of mutineers who might come. There was a regiment of natives here in cantonments with us, and these were equally quiet and well-behaved. Although we believed that there was but little fear we were still in a state of great anxiety. There were four or five ladies belonging to the two regiments, and it would have been an immense relief to us if we could have got them into a place of safety, but we had no means whatever of sending them away, even had there been any place to send them to, which there was not.

There was a week of suspense. I need not tell you what we all felt, especially those who like myself had women we cared for with us. At the end of the week we had news that two of the rebel regiments from Meerut were marching against us. Now was the trial. We paraded both regiments, and appealed to them whether they would be true to their salt. The colonel addressed our fellows as his children, asked them if he had not always treated them as such, and appealed to them if he had ever been unjust or unkind to them. The men replied that they would die for their salt.

In high spirits we met at mess, feeling assured that we should give a good account the next day of the mutineers from Meerut. There was a strong muster, for the two regiments had since the trouble began agreed to mess together as our number was not a large one, and the married men naturally stayed at home with their wives.

On the night, however, several of the married men had come down in order to hear the talk about the probable fight to-morrow. The Colonel was in his place at the head of the table. Dinner was over, and dessert was just put upon the table when we heard a shot at a short distance, and

before we had even time to wonder what it meant, a crowd of Sepoys appeared at each window, and before we had time to leap to our feet, a tremendous fire was poured in upon us. Four or five men fell dead at once, the poor Colonel who was next to me, was struck by half-a-dozen balls. With a cry of rage and despair, every man rushed to seize his sword; we had our pistols in our belts; we had been ordered to wear them as part of our regular uniform, and on no account to take them off even at meals. As I snatched up my sword, I was next to Charley Simmonds, and just as we seized them, the mutineers poured in at the windows, headed by Subadar Pirán.

‘I have it now,’ Charlie said; ‘it is the scene I dreamt.’

As he spoke, he fired his revolver at the Subadar, who fell dead in his tracks. A Sepoy close by levelled his musket and fired, Charley fell, and the fellow rushed forward to bayonet him; as he did so, I sent a ball through his head. It was a wild fight for a minute or two, and then a few of us with a sudden rush together, cut our way through, darted through an open window, and out into the dark.

There were shouts, shots, and screams from the officers’ compounds, and fear and terror; the flames were already rising.

What became of the other fellows I knew not, I made as hard as I could tear towards Gardener’s bungalow. Suddenly I came upon a cavalry man who was sitting on his horse, looking at the rising flames in the bungalows. His back was towards me, and he neither saw nor noticed me till I ran him through the body. I leapt on his horse, and galloped down to Gardener’s compound; I saw lots of Sepoys round the bungalow, looking at it. I dashed into the compound.

‘May! May!’ I shouted, ‘where are you?’

I had scarcely spoken, when a dark figure rushed out of a clump of bushes close by, with a scream of delight. In an instant she was on the horse before me, and shooting down a couple of fellows who made a rush at my reins, I dashed out again. Stray shots were fired after us; fortunately the fellows were so busy looting, that they had laid their muskets down, or we should never have got out of the compound.

The scene was terrible, flames were leaping up from all the officers’ compounds, some were running about in all directions, shouting like devils, and the awful shrieks of women rang out above the yells of the natives. I turned off from the parade ground, and dashed down between the walls of the compounds, and in another minute or two was in the open country. Fortunately, the cavalry were all down looting their own lines, or we must have been overtaken at once. May happily had fainted as I lifted her on my horse; happily, for those screams drove me nearly mad, and would have probably killed her, for the poor ladies were all her intimate friends. •

I rode on for some hours till I felt quite safe from any immediate pursuit, and then we halted in the shelter of a clump of trees. By this time I had heard May's story. She had felt uneasy at being alone, but had laughed at herself until upon speaking to one of the servants, he had answered in a tone of rash insolence, which astounded her. She at once guessed that there was danger, and the instant she was alone caught up a large dark carriage rug to cover her white dress, and stole out into the verandah, wrapping herself up in the rug as she did so. The night was fortunately very dark; she had scarcely left the house when she heard a shout followed by a shot, no doubt the one we had heard, in the next compound, and immediately afterwards a rush of men into the room she had left, she rushed down the garden and hid herself in a thick clump of bushes. She had heard men searching round her, but they were looking for a white dress, and the dark rug saved her. What she must have suffered in the five minutes between her escape and my arrival, she only knows.

Her first question as on recovering consciousness had been to ask after her father, and to reproach herself for going away without him. I forebore of course to enlighten her as to the certainty I had as to his fate, but left her some slight hope by saying that two or three others had cut their way out at the same time with myself, and that it was of course very possible that he was with us; as to her waiting for him it would have been infinitely worse than useless, as unless he had had a similar piece of luck to mine in getting a horse, he could not by any possibility have saved her.

May spoke very little during that long ride, I believe that she was certain that her father was dead, and the vague sense of loss, added to the horror of that five minutes in the garden had completely stunned her.

I need not tell you about the next two or three days, hiding in woods and going cautiously at night; once or twice I had to ride into peasants' houses, and ask for food, and I have no doubt that information was sent by one of the natives, for on the third day I saw a party of thirty or forty native horse approaching the wood where we were hid; a man on foot was evidently acting as their guide. It was hopeless to attempt to be concealed, so I at once mounted with May, and rode off upon the opposite side of the wood, in hopes that I should get out of sight before they had crossed the wood. The country was, however, flat and open, and we had not gone above a mile, when looking round I saw them come out of the wood at full speed. Escape seemed hopeless; our horse knocked up—not by fatigue, for except upon that first night, I had not wanted him, May riding while I walked beside—but by want of food, had no great go in him, and carrying double, could not hope to escape. I instinctively turned the horse towards a

ruin I saw at the foot of a hill a mile distant. I say instinctively, for I had no idea of the possibility of concealment ; my intention, if I had an intention, was simply to get my back to a rock and kill as many as I could, keeping the last two barrels of my revolver for May and myself. Certainly no thought of my dream influenced me in any way ; in the whirl of excitement I had never given a second thought to Charley Simmond's exclamation.

May had borne up well up to this time, but she saw all hope was gone now ; and believing that she had only a few minutes to live, opened heart to me.

In spite of my frightful peril, I was happy in that pleasant time when she told me how she loved me.

'Give me your promise that you will shoot me before they come up,' she said, 'you would if I were your wife, and I have a right to demand it now.' I gave the promise, and would have kept it. It was a hard race to the ruins, and I believe that they could have caught us had they pressed their horses at best ; but they thought themselves so perfectly sure of us, that they did not hurry much, amusing themselves by firing at us with their carbines.

We rode into the entrance to the ruins, rather over a hundred yards ahead of them. As we did so, I saw a great stone image before us, and, like a flash of lightning, the whole dream flashed across me. The chase—May's face—the present scene—everything ; as I leapt from the horse, May repeated 'Shoot me before they come up.'

'We are saved,' I answered, to her amazement ; 'Quick ! behind that image.'

I snatched the mussuck of water and a bag of bread I had that morning obtained, from the saddle, gave the horse, a blow with the flat of my sword, and hurried behind the idol, where there was only just room to get !

Not a doubt entered my mind but that I should find the spring, as I had dreamt. Sure enough there was the carving just as if I had seen it yesterday. I placed my hand on the leaflets without hesitation, a small entrance moving back, I hurried my amazed companion in, followed her, and turned the stone on its hinges. For a moment it seemed quite dark, but a faint light streamed in from an opening above, in the top of the idol's head, and I soon found a massive bolt which shot to, so as to prevent any door being opened by accident or design when anyone was inside. Then I went up the steps into the upper parts of the body, and peeped out through case holes, not larger upon the inside than a thick knitting needle, and made, I afterwards found, in the ornaments round his neck. These holes enlarging on the inside, permitted us a view all round.

The niggers were in the court-yard, and had already dismounted, and were preparing for a search. Looking round, I saw May on her knees crying quietly to herself; a thing—I mean the crying, not the praying—which I had not seen her do since that terrible night. What I felt myself at our escape, the circumstances of which appeared to me almost miraculous, I need not tell you. I never passed such a happy afternoon as I did shut up in that idol, with the mutineers searching about outside, firing shots at everything, and rummaging high and low. I had no fear whatever of our hiding place being discovered.

May at first pretended to be very angry that I had let her tell me how she cared for me, under the idea of instant death, when I knew all along we were going to be saved; and how she should like to know, did I know of this secret. I told her that a Fakir had told me of it; I did not want to bewilder her by telling her what I have told you, and that I did not feel sure that it was the temple described, until I entered and recognised the scene. Had I done so, I said I did not know that I should have checked her, for although, under the circumstances, I could not have spoken to her, was it not better, far better, under the circumstances that we should be engaged to marry as soon as the war was over.

We could hear everything that the natives said outside. They were furious at our disappearance, and said that we must be hidden somewhere, and that they would wait a week in the place rather than give us up. This was alarming, although we might, perhaps, have held out for a week on our bread and water; but, fortunately, the next morning a scout rode in at full speed, and said that a column of British troops on their way towards Delhi, were coming along, and would pass within a quarter of a mile of the temple, and that it was, therefore, expedient to be off.

Three-quarters of an hour later, we were safe among our own people; a week afterwards I married May. It was no time for ceremony then, and there were no means of sending her away; no place where she could have waited until the time for her mourning for her father was over. It was neither a time or place for ceremony, and so we were married quietly by the chaplain of one of the regiments, and have neither of us ever regretted it since.

Harley ceased, and for some time neither of us spoke.

‘It is a strange story, Harley,’ Fellows said, ‘an extraordinary story, and no solution, according to any natural laws, occurs to me. How about Simmonds?’

‘He escaped by lying hid in the ice-house, in which were, fortunately for him, both eatables and drinkables for three weeks, and then crawling away at night, unobserved by the natives of the town; the mutineers

had long before marched to Delhi. He had a hard time of it before he came upon one of our parties, and when he was brought in, I did not think he would pull through it. He did though, and we often talked over the dream, which had saved both our lives; for he said he should never have thought of the ice-house had not the remembrance of what he did in his dream come across his mind as he lay on the ground. We agreed to say nothing to anyone about the circumstances, as it would lead to an immensity of questioning and wonder. His silence was sealed, poor fellow, by a ball in the head as we marched into Lucknow with Colin Campbell. This is the first time I have ever told it. It's time to be off; it's past one o'clock now, and my wife by no means approves of the small hours. Good night, Fellows; you other men don't go my way, do you?

We did not, and at the door we separated, a quiet party considering the lateness of the hour; but the story we had heard had quite taken away any disposition for talk, and often as I have thought it over, I have never been able to explain it with the slightest satisfaction to myself.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, Q.C., AND THE DEFENCE OF ENGLAND.

BY MAJOR KNOLLYS, F.R.G.S.

BEFORE definitely deciding on the strength, organisation, and composition of our military and naval forces, it is essential that we should decide what work they are expected to perform. This work is, as regards its nature, threefold; namely, the maintenance of our honour abroad, the protection of our colonies, and the defence of England against invasion. On this occasion we shall only deal with the last. In conducting our inquiry we shall find it profitable to examine a clever series of letters inserted a few weeks ago in the 'Times' by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C. This gentleman can scarcely, notwithstanding his acknowledged ability, be accepted as a person duly qualified to give an opinion on the subject; for though an accomplished historian, and therefore presumably master of historical facts, he is unable, from the nature of his training, to draw correct deductions from them. He himself does not seem to be aware of his disqualification, and plunges boldly into the subject, audaciously opposing his own dogmas to hitherto undisputed ideas, and without hesitation seeking to controvert the matured opinions of the most eminent soldiers and statesmen, who, moreover, wrote and spoke under the restraint of a responsibility which does not attach to Mr. Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Vernon Harcourt's position is briefly as follows: Napoleon, possessing a powerful fleet and splendid army, could not, for want of mastery of the sea, cross the narrow slip of channel intervening between Boulogne and our shores, and invade England. Since then, our military and naval strength have greatly increased, and our naval superiority over the rest of Europe is far more decided than it was at the beginning of the century. He infers from these circumstances that what Napoleon could not do then, Prussia, with fewer naval resources, and a greater space of sea to traverse, could not do now. In fact, he does not hesitate to assert that

as long as we retain our present maritime superiority the landing of a hostile force on our shores is an event which, though possible, is so improbable that practically it may be viewed as impossible. He argues, therefore, that we should confide entirely in our navy, and disband the greatest portion of the army, now kept up for home defence. As to the possibility that other Continental powers might in time acquire formidable navies, he disposes of it with the assertion that, for every ship foreigners might build, we could construct ten.

Let us now examine his arguments and statements in detail. We may dismiss his dissertations on panics as being really beside the question, which is not whether the country has or has not at various times been alarmed, but whether there were and are any reasonable grounds for alarm. He tells us that, in 1805, the navies of France and Spain were nearly equal in the number of ships to our own, and superior to them in the number of guns. Apparently he takes no heed of the moral strength added to the British navy by years of unbroken victory, and is ignorant that Napoleon reckoned one English ship a match for two Spanish vessels. In the 'Correspondence de Napoleon 1er,' published by Napoleon III., is a letter, dated 27th July, 1805, from the Emperor to Admiral Gourdon, commanding the French squadron at Ferrol, in which occurs the following passage: 'You will attack every squadron which may be inferior to you, calculating two Spanish vessels as one.' A similar remark is to be several times met with in the correspondence alluded to. It is not therefore accurate to state that, in 1805, the combined navies of France and Spain were equal in effective strength to our own. Yet, notwithstanding his maritime inferiority, Napoleon very nearly accomplished an invasion of this country. His plan was as follows, and fully merits his own subsequent description of it as the most skilful combination he had ever conceived: To assemble by stealth a powerful fleet—of which the vessels should be taken from different ports blockaded or watched by the English—at Martinique, and to carry on in the West Indies during the space of a few weeks such vigorous operations against our colonies in that part of the world as should alarm the British Government, and draw thither the most dreaded of our commanders—Nelson. Having effected this object, the French fleet was to return rapidly and secretly to Europe, deceiving, as far as possible, the enemy as to its destination. Arrived in Europe, Villeneuve, with the West Indian fleet, was to raise first the blockade of Rochefort, rally to himself the French and Spanish squadrons shut up there, and afterwards the blockade of Brest, where he was to be joined by Admiral Gauteaune. From Brest the combined fleets were to enter the Channel, and protect the passage of the army. At Boulogne, and other parts in the Channel, were assembled 150,000 men and 10,000 horses, for the transport of

which Napoleon had collected a flotilla of between 2000 and 3000 ships and boats. Everything was arranged; fifteen days' provisions were embarked on board the flotilla; and Napoleon only demanded command of the sea for fifteen days to be sure of success. Indeed, in a letter to Admiral Dacres, dated 9th June, 1805, he says 'But it is only necessary to be master of the sea for six hours for England to cease to exist. Everything which was connected with the army and the flotilla proceeded admirably; the organisation was perfect; and so skilful had the troops become from constant practice, that 25,000 men could embark in ten and disembark in thirteen minutes. Provided that the British fleet could be kept off, the flotilla could protect itself from being harassed by small craft, seeing that almost all its boats carried guns, which could also have been employed to cover the landing. The great difficulty, that of decoying away Nelson, was solved by the expedition to the West Indies; a minor difficulty was that of concentrating all the French squadrons at the entrance to the Channel; and this, through the incapacity and irresolution of Villeneuve, was never surmounted. On returning to Europe, Villeneuve fell in with Admiral Calders' squadron, and after an indecisive action, proceeded to Ferrol. After remaining in that port some days, he proceeded to Cadiz, and continued stationary there instead of obeying Napoleon's orders and joining Gauteaune's fleet at Brest. From the moment Villeneuve decided to remain at Cadiz all chance of invasion was at an end.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt contends that it is absurd to speak of Nelson's having been decoyed away. An attentive perusal of Nelson's own letters and the 'Correspondence de Napoleon Ier,' will show that on this occasion 'Historicus' is incorrect. Napoleon's object was to concentrate his various fleets off Brest; and he proposed to accomplish this object by sending off Villeneuve from Toulon so suddenly that he should elude Nelson, and deceive that admiral as to his real destination, with orders to first attract attention in the West Indies, and then to return to Europe so secretly that it might be thought he was on his way to India. On arriving in Europe he was to pick up the various blockaded squadrons one by one, till at length with a formidable fleet, numbering sixty-five sail-of-the-line; he would at the most have only been opposed by about thirty-two sail-of-the-line. The object of Napoleon's manœuvres was to bring to bear at each port watched by the British a force which, when aided by the blockaded squadron, should have a decided superiority over the enemy. Success depended upon misleading, and thereby gaining a start on, Nelson, who, if he had been able to join his fleet to any one of the blockading squadrons, would have—taking into consideration his prestige, daring, and skill—practically rendered the combat equal. Nelson was not, says Mr. Vernon Harcourt, decoyed away; yet for days

after the departure of Villeneuve from Toulon, he was watching that portion of the Mediterranean which lies between Sicily and Africa, fearing that the expedition was intended for Egypt or the Morea. When, at length, he ascertained that the French fleet had sailed for the West Indies, he, as Mr. Vernon Harcourt truly says, did what he always intended to do—that is to say, he followed it. That is precisely what Napoleon wished; for the further Nelson proceeded from Europe, the more chance there was that the concentration off Brest could take place before his arrival. As a matter of fact, Nelson seemed quite misled as to the Emperor's intentions, being seriously disturbed for the safety of our West Indian colonies, and thinking but little of anything else. The nearest approach he made to the truth was when he indulged in the surmise that probably a landing in Ireland might be intended. To argue that Nelson merely took with him eleven ships of the line, and left behind in British waters a sufficient force to baffle an invasion, and therefore exercised no influence on events, is both incorrect and absurd. Had the concentration planned by Napoleon taken place off Brest, the French would have numbered twice as many ships as the English possessed in the Channel. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that without Nelson, there were fifty British line-of-battle ships in European waters. Some of these were, however, in the Mediterranean, and in other places at a considerable distance from the chops of the Channel; while Villeneuve would have had sixty-five sail-of-the-line under his hand.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt in one place asserts that we had available thirty-four and in another thirty-seven sail of the line, ready to defend the Channel. As far as we can ascertain, the number was thirty-two; but even allowing that the higher estimate is correct, sixty-five against thirty-seven would have given the French an alarming chance of success. Mr. Vernon Harcourt seems to ignore the start actually gained by Villeneuve, but which that officer was too incapable to profit by. Indeed, he asserts that Nelson arrived at Gibraltar on his return on the same day as that on which Sir Robert Calder engaged Villeneuve. Now Sir Robert Calder's action took place on the 22nd July, and Nelson reached Gibraltar on the 19th July, or three days before the battle. He sailed on the 23rd, and on the 25th being off Cadiz, having received information that the French fleet had been seen steering to the northward, he bent his course towards Ushant. Had, therefore, Villeneuve been prompt, he had plenty of time to carry out his orders before the arrival of Nelson in the Channel.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt, it will be seen, is not always accurate in his statement of facts. Another striking instance of his inaccuracy is displayed in his assertion that immediately after the receipt of Calder's doubtful victory, Napoleon abandoned his intention of invading England. On referring to the 'Correspondence de Napoleon Ier,' we find letters

dated 22nd August, 1805, directing Villeneuve and Gauteaune to proceed with the operations; yet on the 9th of August he was aware that the action with Calder had taken place, and of its result; and it was not till the 25th or 26th, when it became evident that nothing was to be expected from Villeneuve, that the first orders connected with the breaking up of the camp of Boulogne were issued.

Let us now proceed to consider the difficulties of invasion in the present day. Mr. Vernon Harcourt asserts, on the authority of Mr. Brassey, that our iron-clad navy is equal to the united iron-clad navy of the world. We fancy that there is some little exaggeration here in 1872, still allowing Mr. Brassey to be correct, who can venture to prognosticate that three years hence we shall possess our present naval equality. Russia and Germany are both exerting themselves to form powerful navies, and the resources of America are we know sufficient, in the course of a very short time, to create a powerful iron-clad fleet. Neither at the present moment is the naval power of France to be despised. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that if other nations begin to construct we can do the same, and are able to turn out ten iron-clads to every one built by a foreign power. Can we, however, keep pace with the augmentations of three great powers combined? We are able to construct a large number of iron-clads, it is true, but should we do so? Again, the introduction of Harvey's torpedoes may, for all we know, create a revolution in naval war, reduce our most powerful ships to the level of a cock-boat, and annihilate our naval superiority. Once more, though we may still retain a general naval superiority, can we always reckon on being the strongest at the decisive point? We fear Mr. Vernon Harcourt has by no means proved either that we shall always be undisputed masters of the sea, or that we shall be always able to close hermetically every approach to our isle. An army, in our opinion, is therefore still an institution which common prudence forbids us to sweep away. 'But,' says Mr. Vernon Harcourt, 'allowing that a hostile expedition could elude the blockading squadrons, there is nevertheless little to fear.' He quotes in support of his theory the utterances of Sir de Lacy Evans 'whose authority on military matters was,' he says, 'probably as great as that of anyone we have now among us.' Sir de Lacy Evans was, no one will deny, a clever man and a gallant soldier; but his military reputation was due rather to his political than his military achievements, and it is the first time that we have ever heard him spoken of as a master of the art of war. At all events his authority sinks into insignificance when compared with that of the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Burgoyne, who both conceived an invasion feasible. But 'Historicus' likewise summons history to his aid, and cites the cases of the landing in Portugal in 1808 by the Duke of

Wellington, and the disembarkation in the Crimea in 1854. He says, on the authority of Sir de Lacy Evans, 'that it took Sir Arthur Wellesley ten days to disembark 12,000 men, and twenty days to march sixty miles.' Referring to the Wellington despatches, we find that on the 23rd July the fleet anchored in Mondego Bay, and that he proceeded to confer with the admiral off Lisbon, in order to decide as to the best place for the landing. Determining to land in Mondego Bay, he returned to his army on the 30th July, commenced the disembarkation on the 1st August, and completed it on the 5th. Thus it will be seen that only five, not ten days, were occupied in the disembarkation. The Duke explains that much delay took place on account of the surf always prevailing on that coast. As regards the slow progress made after the disembarkation, it must be remembered that provisions and transport had to be collected in a country never rich, and at that time almost swept clear, both by friends and foes. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, the campaign was ended, Portugal conquered, and the French army prisoners, within the twenty days mentioned by Sir de Lacy Evans. In that time, moreover, two actions had been fought.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt is quite correct in asserting that in 1854, the embarkation begun on August 24th and ended on September 1st; the passage occupied seven days and the disembarkation five. He omits, however, to mention several circumstances which somewhat affect the deduction he wishes us to draw. Varna was almost destitute of means for facilitating embarkation, and the troops had to be conveyed from the shore to the ships in boats, a process which naturally took some time. As to the passage, the fleet after receiving the troops on board, proceeded to the rendezvous, a few miles to the north of Varna. Many of the transports were sailing ships, which required to be towed. Considerable delay elapsed previous to the commencement of the disembarkation, owing to our ignorance of the coast, and the fact that there were two commanders-in-chief. As to the length of time occupied in the disembarkation, that was caused by the necessity of landing everything required for the support of the army in a country almost entirely destitute of supplies, and the difficulty of disembarking transports. We are not moreover justified in concluding that the Germans who possess a far greater talent for organisation than we can claim, would not have done better. Besides, an expedition to invade England, would probably be conveyed entirely in steamers well provided with flat-bottomed boats and steam launches, whereas a large number of our transports were sailing vessels, and we had only ordinary ship's boats in which to convey the troops to the shore. Our expedition started from a miserable port thousands of miles distant from England, and was only resolved upon a few weeks before it took place. Did the French or Germans invade England they would occupy months in

secret preparation, would provide or possess every facility for embarkation and disembarkation, and would know our coasts as well as we do ourselves. As to the stores conveyed they would, it is reasonable to think, include little more than ammunition and stores, for England can and would be made to supply all deficiencies. So Mr. Vernon Harcourt's objection to the time required to embark a large quantity of material falls to the ground. The amount of tonnage required for the transport on a short voyage of from twelve to forty-eight hours, of an army lightly equipped, is very much less than Mr. Vernon Harcourt seems to imagine. For such a purpose, and for such a time, large ocean steamers could convey from 1000 to 1800 infantry soldiers; and such steamers are to be found in Hamburg and the ports of France in considerable numbers.

In estimating our strength, we may observe that Mr. Vernon Harcourt is again inaccurate, for he gives the strength of the Army Reserve as 39,000 men; whereas it probably falls far short of, and certainly does not exceed 32,000. Our Militia regiments, which he gives at 139,000 men, are also below their establishments, and are notoriously unfit to be placed in line of battle, neither are they provided with any one of the requisites for a campaign, in the shape of camp equipment. The volunteers are in even a worse condition. We have, we believe, a sufficient number of men to render England safe; but we are so deficient in organisation that our numerical strength loses much of its value. Mr. Vernon Harcourt says that we have a larger force now than we possessed during the first few months of the war which broke out in 1803. Granted—but within a twelvemonth we had 69,000 regular troops, 27,000 men belonging to the Army of Reserve, 84,000 Militia, almost as good as regiments of the line, and 400,000 earnest Volunteers. Our present defensive force bears no comparison with that array. But even allowing that we were weaker in 1804 and 1805 than we are in 1872, nothing is proved thereby. The Ministers of that day considered their preparations sufficient; the people and the Ministers of to-day do not consider that our precautions are one whit too many. Had Napoleon landed in 1803, he would probably have conquered the Island, or, at all events, ruined it for a century to come. The estimates of those days are therefore no guides to us.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt would, we suspect, have said, had he been asked two years ago, that the conquest of France by Germany was so improbable that it might for all practical purposes be viewed as impossible; yet France, to the surprise of most, was conquered in six months. We say that an invasion of England is improbable; but we cannot admit that it is impossible; therefore we wish to provide against its occurrence. The owner of a stone-built house with iron girders, and fire-engines close at hand, naturally views the destruction of his property as improbable in the highest degree; but he would notwithstanding be deemed very

foolish if he failed to insure it against the risk of fire. In like manner we view the case of the national safety, and protest earnestly against surrendering our policy of insurance—the army—at the bidding of a mere lawyer-politician and lay student of history.

A DREAM.

I PONDERED in a narrow shadowy lane.
 On either side the hedgerows thickly set
 With lofty elms, figured a verdant fane,
 Whose roof outspread in many a leafy fret.
 Eve fell, and then the western end was lit
 By red and amber sunbeams, streaming down
 The living nave. And there my love did sit
 All robed in white, and with a silver crown.
 Upon her shoulders drooped the auburn fold
 Of her dishevelled hair; her lily hands
 Courted the breezes. And though softly told,
 Told only as a lover understands,
 A word from her fond lips enthralled my heart.
 For floating on the evening air there came
 In accents gentle, yet in power great
 Of love that lives eternally, my name.
 And as I gazed her liquid eyes, full-filled
 With dulcet eloquence, were fixed on mine.
 Again she spake: 'Oh, be no longer chilled
 By my far absence, as I am by thine.'
 She rose, and with bewitching glances drew
 Nearer to me, in strange and mystic fright
 Spell-bound. And now the sun had set, and dew
 Beaded the gloaming; still she came in white;
 And larger grew her form as she came near,
 But dimmer with the nearness; till she stood
 Looming in size gigantic, hardly clear,
 And sadly sighing, vanished in the wood.
 Then I, with sudden cry, exclaimed, 'I come
 To thee, my own!'

Alas, the dream was gone.

I woke, and saw that in the night's blue dome
 The pale full moon was shining all alone.

R. CHAPMAN WEBB.

DE MONSTRIS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

HAVE any of my readers made themselves acquainted with the 'Nuremberg Chronicle?' If not, they should do so. The book is very pretty reading, though its beauties are hard to see. It is a big book—an elephant of a book—a book that would have delighted the very soul of Dominie Sampson. It is printed in black letter, the language is Latin, and its subject is a chronicle of the world's history, from the time of the creation to the date of the book. It is one of the quaintest, raciest, and most delightful of books—not very easy to read, but perhaps owing some of its charm to that very fact.

It is a nut with a very hard and tough shell, but a marvellously sweet and mellow kernel. The shell is the language, or rather, the mode in which that language is placed before the reader. The Latinity of the book is anything but Ciceronian, but it is couched in bold, vigorous terms, interspersed occasionally with strange words, which, on investigation, prove to be German words Latinised, the writer being unable to find any pure Latin equivalent. Punctuation seems to have been a matter of accident rather than of intention, and the printers have thought fit to employ every form of abbreviation that has been invented for the bewilderment of readers. Mostly they have had the grace to add the abbreviatory line, so indicating that a vowel or two, or the letters 'm' and 'n,' are omitted, and may be supplied at discretion; so that the reader can see without much difficulty that '*aiā*' means *animā*. In many cases, however, they have even dispensed with this slight aid to the reader, and left him to conjecture that '*sex mans hntes*' stands for *sex manus habentes*, and that, throughout the book, '*hoies*' signifies *homines*.

The eye, however, soon becomes accustomed to these little abbreviations (which are wonderfully like the dress of that period—cut very short just where one would expect length), and can employ itself with the chief glory of the book, namely, its illustrations. These are really wonderful productions of ancient art. Wood engraving was then in its

earliest infancy, and the engraver could only produce hard, bold lines, of nearly uniform thickness. Of perspective there was little—of aërial perspective, none; while the art of 'cross-hatching,' so easy on metal and so difficult on wood, had only just been discovered. Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, the illustrations possess, like the letter-press, a wonderful amount of quaint, stiff, homely power. The designs are attributed to Wolgemuth; but, whoever may have been the artist, there is no doubt that true art-power lay within him, and that he did as much as could be done with the very limited means at his command. They are worthy of a city which produced such men as Durer, Bebem, Hele, and Lobsinger, and are full of marvellous vigour, 'cross-hatched' here and there, but absolutely destitute of grace, delicacy, softness, perspective, or expression. There is not a face in the whole book which has the least indication of human feeling or passion. If a murder be represented, the murderer and his victim are equally impassive of countenance; so that if the two heads were transposed the design would suffer no injury. Facial expression was, in those days, beyond the wood-engraver's powers, and scarcely anything could be achieved except a hard, thick outline. Yet, spite of these drawbacks—any one of which seems capable of ruining an illustration—the vigorous power of the woodcuts is deserving all praise. The lines are hard and coarse, and the execution rough; but, nevertheless, every line has its purpose, and tells its own story, much unlike the inane prettiness produced by the facile execution of our own day.

Like the letter-press, the woodcuts treat of the world's chronicle; and by way of beginning at the beginning, the first woodcut represents the Song of the Morning Stars before the creation of the world. This rather difficult subject is represented by a circular space, quite blank, around which are tightly packed a vast multitude of heads, each crowned with a sort of tiara, and all having their mouths tightly shut, so that if they are singing at all, they must be singing through their noses. The creation of the world is ingeniously, if simply, represented, by the disappearance of the heads, and the appearance of successive concentric circles within the open space, one circle being added for each day.

The earth being made, and the fishes, birds, and beasts duly placed in it, we come to a delightful Garden of Eden, walled and castellated, and its arched entrance guarded by a portcullis, through which trickle four diverging gutters, representing the four rivers of Paradise. As for Adam, he is certainly not handsome, but he is very far superior to the Adam represented in the frontispiece of a Family Bible now before me. Wolgemuth's Adam, rude though he be drawn, is at least represented as the first man might have been; whereas the modern Adam has had his hair nicely cut, parted, and curled—has been

shaved that morning, and wears a pair of neatly shaped whiskers. In fact, he looks as if he ought to wear clothes ; whereas, Wolgemuth's Adam looks as if clothing were no more needed by him than by a Greek statue. Then we have the creation of Eve, who is represented as being pulled bodily out of a large circular hole in Adam's side ; and so we proceed with the history of the world until we come to the building of the ark.

This woodcut has a strange fascination for me, in its mingled truth and absurdity, strength and weakness, and the under-current of earnestness that runs through the whole design. The ark is about half the size of a Thames lighter, and, small as it is, the artist has partitioned it off with scrupulous fidelity into its various compartments, and affixed to each division an explanatory label. There is an '*apotheca herborum*,' and an '*apotheca specierum*.' The clean animals are separated by the whole length of the vessel from the unclean beasts, and in the middle is the '*habitatis hominum*,' about as large as a Skye terrier's kennel. All Noah's sons are dressed in the exceedingly abbreviated jerkin, the tight hose, and the pointed shoes of the period. One of them is chopping vigorously at a prostrate beam, making the splinters fly bravely ; another is apparently splitting the skull of one of his brothers ; while a third is seated on a raft, dubbing down with his adze the sides of the ark, which is at least a hundred yards from him. I have always thought that Hogarth must have seen this wood-cut before he drew his well-known 'Perspective.'

Then, every place that is mentioned, whether it be city, country, or continent, is illustrated by an engraving, more remarkable for its ingenuity than its accuracy. Why '*Provincia Britannia*' should be represented by thirty or forty castellated towers, crushed together within a circular wall, and let neatly into the sea, is a mystery not easily to be penetrated. Supplying Nineveh with a cathedral inside the walls, and a quintain outside them, is a venial error in chronology, as are the soldiers in plate armour by whom Abraham is accompanied, and the clock in the parish church of Damascus.

Then there is a charming audacity in the way in which the same woodcut does duty for several subjects. Take, for example, the two woodcuts which have just been mentioned. Nineveh, which is figured in page 20, becomes Corinth in page 33. Then, the same cut which represents Damascus at an early period of the History, becomes successively, Macedonia, Verona, Ferrara, and the Province of Germany. The portraits are just as versatile. There is one, for example, which I took the trouble to hunt through the book. It represents a close-shaven, wizen-faced, vulture-nosed, under-jawed old gentleman, wearing a kind of fez cap, and reading a book without looking at it. On page 59, he is Solon ; on page 80, he is Demetrius, and only two pages further he is metamorphosed into Paretius. On page 111,

he is Suetonius, and on page 158, the Venerable Bede. On page 200, he is St. Hugo (*natione Gallus*); on page 213 he does duty for Barnardus of Compostello, doctor; and on the very next page he is labelled as Alexander, *doctor irrefragabilis*. Page 227 reveals him as 'Johannes de Monte Villa, *eq. aur. nat. anglic*;' and we finally take leave of him on page 240, as 'Johannes Gherson, *cancellarius Parisiensis*.'

I have already mentioned that facial expression is absolutely wanting in these various portraits, so that, judging by the expression of the countenance, no one can tell whether the face is that of a hero or coward, a honest man or a thief, a saint or a scoundrel. The artist, however, is at no loss for means by which to indicate the moral condition of his subjects, especially those of the female sex. Drapery invariably represents piety, and moral excellence may be measured by the amount of drapery with which the various personages are furnished. Sanctity is always clad in flowing robes, while a curtal frock is a sure sign of a guilty conscience. Lot's wife, Mrs. Potiphar, and other doubtful or objectionable characters, are clothed in short and scanty raiment; while all the female saints (with the exception of Mary Magdalene, who wears nothing but her own hair, and plenty of it) are endowed with trailing skirts, proportionate in length and volume to the sanctity of the wearer. The culmination of drapery, however, is to be seen in the wonderful print representing the Adoration of the Magi. In this print the most conspicuous object is the drapery with which the principal figure is clad. Her mantle is large enough for a tent, and all in waves, like a sea, over the foreground. It is carefully gathered into a thousand angular folds, as if made of the stiffest fabric, and has more than enough material to clothe fully all the scantily-dressed sinners in the book.

As may be imagined from the character of the book, both author and artist revel in the various monsters which were fully believed to inhabit the world. Two whole pages are given up to these creations of the brain, and very odd beings they are. Some are supplied with explanatory descriptions, but others are left to the discrimination of the reader. Enormous development of some part of the human body is the usual method in which the various monsters assert themselves. There are the Pannothi of Scythia, whose ears are so large that they cover the shoulders. There are men with enormous under lips, which fall over their breasts. There are the Unipeds, men with only one leg, but then the foot makes ample amends for the absence of a second limb. It is about as large as an ordinary umbrella, and is used for the same purpose—the Unipeds being in the habit of lying on their backs, and sheltering themselves from sun or rain by the enormous foot. These men can of course only hop, but they do so with such prodigious celerity that they chase and catch stags by hopping after them.

Sometimes the monsters enjoy a superfluity of members. There are men with two heads, like the Welsh giant who was ignominiously worsted by Tom Thumb. There are men with four eyes, men with four arms, and men with four legs, balanced by Monoculi, or men who have only one eye—which is set in the middle of the forehead,—and men who wear no particular head, but have their eyes, noses, and mouths placed in their breasts.

Of course there are dwarfs, and a single combat between a pigmy and a crane is drawn with some vigour. The crane seems likely to get the better of the pigmy, for his beak is long enough to spit the little man through and through. Then come the monsters of the composite order, *i.e.*, which are made up of beast, bird, and man. There is a very fine Centaur; there is a man with a human head perched at the end of an ostrich's neck; and there is a man whose head is adorned with a large pair of ibex horns—'*quales in solitudine S. Antonius Abbas vidit.*' Then there is a nation of women who have beards flowing over their breasts; and there is a whole nation of Hermaphrodites, of which remarkable beings the artist gives an authentic portrait. The portrait represents a human being, man on the right side and woman on the left, divided accurately by a perpendicular line down the middle of the body, much like the well-known portrait of the Chevalier D'Eon, or the older and wider known print of 'Death and the Lady.' The head has a most absurd appearance, being furnished with short hair and half a long beard on the right side, while the left has a smooth face and long straight hair. And after being gratified by the sight of these wonderful beings, the reader is confidently told that there are yet many more monsters in the world—'*quos commemorare perlongum est.*' There is an evident good faith in all these queer drawings, and the equally queer descriptions; and it is quite delightful to read a book in which these absurdities are gravely treated as true.

On examination of the series of monsters, there is one point which can hardly fail to strike anyone who has some smattering of physiology, and has taken some interest in ethnology. They are all very odd, not to say ludicrous; but there is very little invention about them. Nothing is simpler than the notion of enlarging, multiplying, or curtailing the various members of the body; so that the headless men, the two-headed men, the one-eyed men and many-eyed men, the six-handed men, the big-footed men, the long-necked men, the large-eared men, and the flap-lipped men, are all offshoots of a single idea. Then all the composite monsters are but offshoots of the one single idea of grafting parts of other animals upon the human form, and there is really but little invention required in carrying it out. You may boldly join two bodies together, as the Centaur, the harpy, and the mermaid; or you may tack parts of

one body to another, as the satyr, with his goat's legs, the faun, with his pointed ears and little tuft of a tail, or the man with ibex horns on his head. Again, several of these monsters are nothing but exaggerations of actual fact. It has long been suspected that the ancients knew more of the world than has generally been supposed, and this idea is strengthened by examining the monsters of the Nurenburg Chronicle. Take, for example, the men with the enormous under lip. It is highly probable that the idea was taken from the narration of some traveller, who had seen one of the many savage tribes which distend their lips, either upper or lower, by the insertion of circular pieces of wood in them. The long-eared men can be accounted for in a similar manner. All ethnologists know that there are many tribes which measure their gentility by the length of their ears; and, by cutting holes in their lobes, and having weights to them, succeed at last in getting them to hang down on the shoulders, just as is represented in the Pannothi. As to the nation of pigmies, we all know of several tribes or nations that may very fairly be called by that name; and although they are not so very small as is represented in the woodcut, they are yet so small that when standing by the side of an European of middle stature, the grown men and women seem scarcely bigger than children of nine or ten. The many-armed monster is evidently borrowed from the Indian temples, which are covered with statues of various deities, scarcely any of which condescend to have less than eight arms. The two-headed monster is due to the same source.

There is another point which is worthy of notice. Putting aside the centaur, harpy, and mermaid, there is scarcely any of these monsters which is not a real fact. Take, for example, the horned man. Such beings really have existed, as is well known to physiologists. There is now in the museum at Oxford, a portrait of a woman who was remarkable for possessing several horns on her head, and by the portrait is deposited one of the horns in question. After all, there is nothing so very much out of the way in this curious development. For all the hollow horns, such as were these, are nothing but modifications of hair, and it is not an uncommon phenomenon to find a different mode of development of the same material. In the museum of the late and regretted Mr. Waterton, there is the head of a sheep, with a horn growing at the end of its ear, and not on its forehead—the hair having been modified into horn, just as was the case with the horned woman. The feathers of birds frequently undergo a similar modification; and there is a well-known instance of a whole family of human beings—popularly called the ‘Porcupine Family’—many of whom had the whole body covered with small horny growths.

Then, the two-headed man is evidently a reminiscence of one of the many known instances where twins have been partially fused together.

In the present day we have the long-known 'Siamese Twins,' the 'Two-headed Nightingale,' and the 'Ohio Twins,' the latter being united from the back of the head down the entire spine. Plenty of similar instances have been known. There were, for example, the 'Biddenden Maids,' whose memory is still cherished in the neighbourhood where they lived; and I have before me a collection of drawings illustrative of similar strange developments.

So with various other forms. The headless man only represents a fact well known to every physiologist; while the very bold stroke of the artist in putting the eyes, nose, and mouth into the breast, is not without its parallel in nature. Multiplication or curtailment of limbs is very common, and often runs in families; so that the artist of the Nurenberg Chronicle really needed no great power of invention in many of his representations. As for 'women with beards descending on their breasts,' there is nothing very remarkable about them, and plenty of instances have been known. Perhaps some of my readers may have seen the late 'bearded lady,' Julia Pastrana, whose preternatural ugliness, quick intelligence, proficiency in modern languages, and agility in dancing, were, some years ago, quite familiar to the British public. Her beard, though it did not quite descend to her breast, was stiffer, thicker, and longer than that of many a man; and yet her hair, a lock of which lies before me, was not coarser than that of an ordinary Spanish woman. And there was a lady, very well known in a certain cathedral city a few years ago, who possessed a moustache as thick and full as that of a life guardsman, and a beard of very fair dimensions.

Bearded women naturally lead us to the hermaphrodites above mentioned. I fancy that the idea was originally taken from travellers' accounts of certain divisions of the Malay race, in which the two sexes can scarcely be distinguished from each other, except by the fact that the women look much more masculine than the men. Naturalists all know that, although among the human race such a man-woman has never been known, there are many creatures in which such a phenomenon does take place. There is, for example, scarcely any large collection of insects, whether public or private, which does not contain specimens of insects—generally butterflies—which are male on one side and female on the other: the division being along the centre of the body, exactly as is represented in the engraving of the Nurenberg Chronicle.

Indeed, in actual nature are to be found almost every instance of monstrosity which the mediæval mind could invent, and plenty besides, which would throw these mediæval monsters entirely into the shade. For example, the Monoculi, or one-eyed men, are represented by a wonderful number of the tiny crustacea called *Entomostraca*, many of which are remarkable for having a single eye placed in the midst of that part of

the body which does duty for a head, and which are in consequence called by the appropriate names of Cyclops, Polyphemus, and so on. As to the many-eyed men, they are entirely outdone by the insects, some of which have more than thirty thousand eyes—a fact which infinitely exceeds the imagination of the old writers or artists. The men with their faces in their breasts are represented by the crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and their kin, all of which have their mouths set exactly in the situation in which the old artist has placed the mouth of his headless man.

Then the unipeds are far outdone by many of the molluscs, whose body may be characterised as a large foot, carrying a comparatively small body on it. In the Nuremberg Chronicle the uniped is figured as using his foot as an umbrella; but neither artist nor author would have dared to describe him as using his foot in the light of a boat. Yet this is actually done by many river snails, whole fleets of which may be seen floating leisurely down the stream, the large foot being hollowed along the centre, and acting as a boat. There is no need to multiply instances, but we may receive it as an axiom that there exist in nature monsters far more wonderful than any exaggeration or combination that has been invented by man.

I cannot leave the subject of monsters without a short reference to the Japanese 'mermaids,' which are now and then brought before the public. These are nearly all made to represent the conventional idea of mermaids, except that the upper half is formed in semblance of a monkey, and not of a human being. They are quite common, and are manufactured by dozens, most of the makers adhering to the same type, but one or two striking out original ideas of their own.

They are well made, but not so well as is generally thought. The late Mr. Waterton, whose skill in taxidermy was supreme, had an entire contempt for Japanese mermaids, which he stigmatised as clumsy fabrications, saying that he could make better work with his left hand. Certainly the amusing monstrosities which he made, and with which he delighted to delude visitors to his collection, were much superior to the best Japanese mermaid that I have seen. Some years ago, a fishmonger in the old Hungerford Market showed me one of these mermaids, and was quite angry with me when I praised the excellence of its manufacture. He really believed that it was a genuine inhabitant of the water, framing his belief on the fact that there was no junction between the fish and the 'maid.' Neither was there. The Japanese taxidermist knew his business too well to have any junction at all, the seeming skin being nothing but the papier maché, worked over a model, and having fins, scales, teeth, and nails inserted in the proper places.

CARMILLA.

BY SHERIDAN LE FANU.



CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY.

‘WITH all my heart,’ said the General, with an effort; and after a short pause in which to arrange his subject, he commenced one of the strangest narratives I had ever heard.

‘My dear child was looking forward with great pleasure to the visit you had been so good as to arrange for her to your charming daughter.’ Here he made me a gallant but melancholy bow. ‘In the meantime we had an invitation to my old friend the Count Carlsfeld, whose schloss is about six leagues to the other side of Karnstein. It was to attend the series of fêtes which, you remember, were given by him in honour of his illustrious visitor, the Grand Duke Charles.’

‘Yes; and very splendid, I believe, they were,’ said my father.

‘Princely! But then his hospitalities are quite regal. He has Aladdin’s lamp. The night from which my sorrow dates was devoted to a magnificent masquerade. The grounds were thrown open, the trees hung with coloured lamps. There was such a display of fireworks as Paris itself has never witnessed. And such music—music, you know, is my weakness—such ravishing music! The finest instrumental band, perhaps, in the world, and the finest singers who could be collected from all the great operas in Europe. As you wandered through these fantastically illuminated grounds, the moon-lighted chateau throwing a rosy light from its long rows of windows, you would suddenly hear these ravishing voices stealing from the silence of some grove, or rising from boats upon the lake. I felt myself, as I looked and listened, carried back into the romance and poetry of my early youth.

‘When the fireworks were ended, and the ball beginning, we returned to the noble suite of rooms that were thrown open to the dancers. A

masked ball, you know, is a beautiful sight ; but so brilliant a spectacle of the kind I never saw before.

‘It was a very aristocratic assembly. I was myself almost the only “nobody” present.

‘My dear child was looking quite beautiful. She wore no mask. Her excitement and delight added an unspeakable charm to her features, always lovely. I remarked a young lady, dressed magnificently, but wearing a mask, who appeared to me to be observing my ward with extraordinary interest. I had seen her, earlier in the evening, in the great hall, and again, for a few minutes, walking near us, on the terrace under the castle windows, similarly employed. A lady, also masked, richly and gravely dressed, and with a stately air, like a person of rank, accompanied her as a chaperon. Had the young lady not worn a mask, I could, of course, have been much more certain upon the question whether she was really watching my poor darling. I am now well assured that she was.

‘We were now in one of the *salons*. My poor dear child had been dancing, and was resting a little in one of the chairs near the door ; I was standing near. The two ladies I have mentioned had approached, and the younger took the chair next my ward ; while her companion stood beside me, and for a little time addressed herself, in a low tone, to her charge.

Availing herself of the privilege of her mask, she turned to me, and in the tone of an old friend, and calling me by my name, opened a conversation with me, which piqued my curiosity a good deal. She referred to many scenes where she had met me—at Court, and at distinguished houses. She alluded to little incidents which I had long ceased to think of, but which, I found, had only lain in abeyance in my memory, for they instantly started into life at her touch.

‘I became more and more curious to ascertain who she was, every moment. She parried my attempts to discover very adroitly and pleasantly. The knowledge she showed of many passages in my life seemed to me all but unaccountable ; and she appeared to take a not unnatural pleasure in foiling my curiosity, and in seeing me flounder, in my eager perplexity, from one conjecture to another.

‘In the meantime the young lady, whom her mother called by the odd name of Millarca, when she once or twice addressed her, had, with the same ease and grace, got into conversation with my ward.

‘She introduced herself by saying that her mother was a very old acquaintance of mine. She spoke of the agreeable audacity which a mask rendered practicable ; she talked like a friend ; she admired her dress, and insinuated very prettily her admiration of her beauty. She amused her with laughing criticisms upon the people who crowded the

ball-room, and laughed at my poor child's fun. She was very witty and lively when she pleased, and after a time they had grown very good friends, and the young stranger lowered her mask, displaying a remarkably beautiful face. I had never seen it before, neither had my dear child. But though it was new to us, the features were so engaging, as well as lovely, that it was impossible not to feel the attraction powerfully. My poor girl did so. I never saw anyone more taken with another at first sight, unless, indeed, it was the stranger herself, who seemed quite to have lost her heart to her.

'In the meantime, availing myself of the licence of a masquerade, I put not a few questions to the elder lady.

"You have puzzled me utterly," I said, laughing. "Is that not enough? won't you, now, consent to stand on equal terms, and do me the kindness to remove your mask?"

"Can any request be more unreasonable?" she replied. "Ask a lady to yield an advantage! Beside, how do you know you should recognise me? Years make changes."

"As you see," I said, with a bow, and, I suppose, a rather melancholy little laugh.

"As philosophers tell us," she said; "and how do you know that a sight of my face would help you?"

"I should take chance for that," I answered. "It is vain trying to make yourself out an old woman; your figure betrays you."

"Years, nevertheless, have passed since I saw you, rather since you saw me, for that is what I am considering. Millarca, there, is my daughter; I cannot then be young, even in the opinion of people whom time has taught to be indulgent, and I may not like to be compared with what you remember me. You have no mask to remove. You can offer me nothing in exchange."

"My petition is to your pity, to remove it."

"And mine to yours, to let it stay where it is," she replied.

"Well, then, at least you will tell me whether you are French or German; you speak both languages so perfectly."

"I don't think I shall tell you that, General; you intend a surprise, and are meditating the particular point of attack."

"At all events, you won't deny this," I said, "that being honoured by your permission to converse, I ought to know how to address you. Shall I say Madame la Comtesse?"

"She laughed, and she would, no doubt, have met me with another evasion—if, indeed, I can treat any occurrence in an interview every circumstance of which was pre-arranged, as I now believe, with the profoundest cunning, as liable to be modified by accident.

"As to that," she began; but she was interrupted, almost as she

opened her lips, by a gentleman, dressed in black, who looked particularly elegant and distinguished, with this drawback, that his face was the most deadly pale I ever saw, except in death. He was in no masquerade—in the plain evening dress of a gentleman ; and he said, without a smile, but with a courtly and unusually low bow :—

“Will Madame the Countess permit me to say a very few words which may interest her ?”

‘The lady turned quickly to him, and touched her lip in token of silence ; she then said to me, “Keep my place for me, General ; I shall return when I have said a few words.”

‘And with this injunction, playfully given, she walked a little aside with the gentleman in black, and talked for some minutes, apparently very earnestly. They then walked away slowly together in the crowd, and I lost them for some minutes.

‘I spent the interval in cudgelling my brains for a conjecture as to the identity of the lady who seemed to remember me so kindly, and I was thinking of turning about and joining in the conversation between my pretty ward and the Countess’s daughter, and trying whether, by the time she returned, I might not have a surprise in store for her, by having her name, title, chateau, and estates at my fingers’ ends. But at this moment she returned, accompanied by the pale man in black, who said :

“I shall return and inform Madame la Comtesse when her carriage is at the door.”

‘He withdrew with a bow.

CHAPTER XII.

A PETITION.

“THEN we are to lose Madame the Countess, but I hope only for a few hours,” I said, with a low bow.

“It may be that only, or it may be a few weeks. It was very unlucky his speaking to me just now as he did. Do you now know me ?”

‘I assured her I did not.

“You shall know me,” she said, “but not at present. We are older and better friends than, perhaps, you suspect. I cannot yet declare myself. I shall in three weeks pass your beautiful schloss, about which I have been making enquiries. I shall then look in upon you for an hour or two, and renew a friendship which I never think of without a

thousand pleasant recollections. This moment a piece of news has reached me like a thunderbolt. I must set out now, and travel by a devious route, nearly a hundred miles, with all the dispatch I can possibly make. My perplexities multiply. I am only deterred by the compulsory reserve I practise as to my name from making a very singular request of you. My poor child has not quite recovered her strength. Her horse fell with her, at a hunt which she had ridden out to witness, her nerves have not yet recovered the shock, and our physician says that she must on no account exert herself for some time to come. We came here, in consequence, by very easy stages—hardly six leagues a day. I must now travel day and night, on a mission of life and death—a mission the critical and momentous nature of which I shall be able to explain to you when we meet, as I hope we shall, in a few weeks, without the necessity of any concealment."

'She went on to make her petition, and it was in the tone of a person from whom such a request amounted to conferring, rather than seeking a favour. This was only in manner, and, as it seemed, quite unconsciously. Than the terms in which it was expressed, nothing could be more deprecatory. It was simply that I would consent to take charge of her daughter during her absence.

'This was, all things considered, a strange, not to say, an audacious request. She in some sort disarmed me, by stating and admitting everything that could be urged against it, and throwing herself entirely upon my chivalry. At the same moment, by a fatality that seems to have predetermined all that happened, my poor child came to my side, and, in an undertone, besought me to invite her new friend, Millarca, to pay us a visit. She had just been sounding her, and thought, if her mamma would allow her, she would like it extremely.

'At another time I should have told her to wait a little, until, at least, we knew who they were. But I had not a moment to think in. The two ladies assailed me together, and I must confess the refined and beautiful face of the young lady, about which there was something extremely engaging, as well as the elegance and fire of high birth, determined me; and, quite overpowered, I submitted, and undertook, too easily, the care of the young lady, whom her mother called Millarca.

'The Countess beckoned to her daughter, who listened with grave attention while she told her, in general terms, how suddenly and peremptorily she had been summoned, and also of the arrangement she had made for her under my care, adding that I was one of her earliest and most valued friends.

'I made, of course, such speeches as the case seemed to call for, and found myself, on reflection, in a position which I did not half like.

'The gentleman in black returned, and very ceremoniously conducted the lady from the room.

'The demeanour of this gentleman was such as to impress me with the conviction that the Countess was a lady of very much more importance than her modest title alone might have led me to assume.

'Her last charge to me was that no attempt was to be made to learn more about her than I might have already guessed, until her return. Our distinguished host, whose guest she was, knew her reasons. "But here," she said, "neither I nor my daughter could safely remain for more than a day. I removed my mask imprudently for a moment, about an hour ago, and, too late, I fancied you saw me. So I resolved to seek an opportunity of talking a little to you. Had I found that you *had* seen me, I should have thrown myself on your high sense of honour to keep my secret for some weeks. As it is, I am satisfied that you did not see me; but if you now *suspect*, or, on reflection, *should* suspect, who I am, I commit myself, in like manner, entirely to your honour. My daughter will observe the same secrecy, and I well know that you will, from time to time, remind her, lest she should thoughtlessly disclose it."

'She whispered a few words to her daughter, kissed her hurriedly twice, and went away, accompanied by the pale gentleman in black, and disappeared in the crowd.'

"In the next room," said Millarca, "there is a window that looks upon the hall-door. I should like to see the last of mamma, and to kiss my hand to her."

'We assented, of course, and accompanied her to the window. We looked out, and saw a handsome old-fashioned carriage, with a troop of couriers and footmen. We saw the slim figure of the pale gentleman in black, as he held a thick velvet cloak, and placed it about her shoulders and threw the hood over her head. She nodded to him, and just touched his hand with hers. He bowed low repeatedly as the door closed, and the carriage began to move.

"She is gone," said Millarca, with a sigh.

"She is gone," I repeated to myself, for the first time—in the hurried moments that had elapsed since my consent—reflecting upon the folly of my act.

"She did not look up," said the young lady, plaintively.

"The Countess had taken off her mask, perhaps, and did not care to show her face," I said; "and she could not know that you were in the window."

'She sighed, and looked in my face. She was so beautiful that I relented. I was sorry I had for a moment repented of my hospitality, and I determined to make her amends for the unavowed churlishness of my reception.

'The young lady, replacing her mask, joined my ward in persuading me to return to the grounds, where the concert was soon to be renewed. We did so, and walked up and down the terrace that lies under the castle windows. Millarca became very intimate with us, and amused us with lively descriptions and stories of most of the great people whom we saw upon the terrace. I liked her more and more every minute. Her gossip, without being ill-natured, was extremely diverting to me, who had been so long out of the great world. I thought what life she would give to our sometimes lonely evenings at home.

'This ball was not over until the morning sun had almost reached the horizon. It pleased the Grand Duke to dance till then, so loyal people could not go away, or think of bed.

'We had just got through a crowded saloon, when my ward asked me what had become of Millarca. I thought she had been by her side, and she fancied she was by mine. The fact was, we had lost her.

'All my efforts to find her were vain. I feared that she had mistaken, in the confusion of a momentary separation from us, other people for her new friends, and had, possibly, pursued and lost them in the extensive grounds which were thrown open to us.

'Now, in its full force, I recognised a new folly in my having undertaken the charge of a young lady without so much as knowing her name; and fettered as I was by promises, of the reasons for imposing which I knew nothing, I could not even point my inquiries by saying that the missing young lady was the daughter of the Countess who had taken her departure a few hours before.

'Morning broke. It was clear daylight before I gave up my search. It was not till near two o'clock next day that we heard anything of my missing charge.

'At about that time a servant knocked at my niece's door, to say that he had been earnestly requested by a young lady, who appeared to be in great distress, to make out where she could find the General Baron Spielsdorf and the young lady his daughter, in whose charge she had been left by her mother.

'There could be no doubt, notwithstanding the slight inaccuracy, that our young friend had turned up; and so she had. Would to heaven we had lost her!

'She told my poor child a story to account for her having failed to recover us for so long. Very late, she said, she had got to the house-keeper's bedroom in despair of finding us, and had then fallen into a deep sleep which, long as it was, had hardly sufficed to recruit her strength after the fatigues of the ball.

'That day Millarca came home with us. I was only too happy, after all, to have secured so charming a companion for my dear girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WOOD-MAN.

‘THERE soon, however, appeared some drawbacks. In the first place, Millarca complained of extreme languor—the weakness that remained after her late illness—and she never emerged from her room till the afternoon was pretty far advanced. In the next place, it was accidentally discovered, although she always locked her door on the inside, and never disturbed the key from its place till she admitted the maid to assist at her toilet, that she was undoubtedly sometimes absent from her room in the very early morning, and at various times later in the day, before she wished it to be understood that she was stirring. She was repeatedly seen from the windows of the schloss, in the first faint grey of the morning, walking through the trees, in an easterly direction, and looking like a person in a trance. This convinced me that she walked in her sleep. But this hypothesis did not solve the puzzle. How did she pass out from her room, leaving the door locked on the inside? How did she escape from the house without unbarring door or window?

‘In the midst of my perplexities, an anxiety of a far more urgent kind presented itself.

‘My dear child began to lose her looks and health, and that in a manner so mysterious, and even horrible, that I became thoroughly frightened.

‘She was at first visited by appalling dreams; then, as she fancied, by a spectre, sometimes resembling Millarca, sometimes in the shape of a beast, indistinctly seen, walking round the foot of her bed, from side to side. Lastly came sensations. One, not unpleasant, but very peculiar, she said, resembled the flow of an icy stream against her breast. At a later time, she felt something like a pair of large needles pierce her, a little below the throat, with a very sharp pain. A few nights after, followed a gradual and convulsive sense of strangulation; then came unconsciousness.’

I could hear distinctly every word the kind old General was saying, because by this time we were driving upon the short grass that spreads on either side of the road as you approach the roofless village which had not shown the smoke of a chimney for more than half a century.

You may guess how strangely I felt as I heard my own symptoms so exactly described in those which had been experienced by the poor girl who, but for the catastrophe which followed, would have been at that

moment a visitor at my father's chateau. You may suppose, also, how I felt as I heard him detail habits and mysterious peculiarities which were, in fact, those of our beautiful guest, Carmilla!

A vista opened in the forest; we were on a sudden under the chimneys and gables of the ruined village, and the towers and battlements of the dismantled castle, round which gigantic trees are grouped, overhung us from a slight eminence.

In a frightened dream I got down from the carriage, and in silence, for we had each abundant matter for thinking; we soon mounted the ascent, and were among the spacious chambers, winding stairs, and dark corridors of the castle.

'And this was once the palatial residence of the Karnsteins!' said the old General at length, as from a great window he looked out across the village, and saw the wide, undulating expanse of forest. 'It was a bad family, and here its blood-stained annals were written,' he continued. 'It is hard that they should, after death, continue to plague the human race with their atrocious lusts. That is the chapel of the Karnsteins, down there.'

He pointed down to the grey walls of the gothic building, partly visible through the foliage, a little way down the steep. 'And I hear the axe of a woodman,' he added, 'busy among the trees that surround it; he possibly may give us the information of which I am in search, and point out the grave of Mircalla, Countess of Karnstein. These rustics preserve the local traditions of great families, whose stories die out among the rich and titled so soon as the families themselves become extinct.'

'We have a portrait, at home, of Mircalla, the Countess Karnstein; should you like to see it?' asked my father.

'Time enough, dear friend,' replied the General. 'I believe that I have seen the original; and one motive which has led me to you earlier than I at first intended, was to explore the chapel which we are now approaching.'

'What! see the Countess Mircalla,' exclaimed my father; 'why, she has been dead more than a century!'

'Not so dead as you fancy, I am told,' answered the General.

'I confess, General, you puzzle me utterly,' replied my father, looking at him, I fancied, for a moment with a return of the suspicion I detected before. But although there was anger and detestation, at times, in the old General's manner, there was nothing flighty.

'There remains to me,' he said, as we passed under the heavy arch of the gothic church—for its dimensions would have justified its being so styled—'but one object which can interest me during the few years that remain to me on earth, and that is to wreak on her the vengeance which, I thank God, may still be accomplished by a mortal arm.'

"What vengeance can you mean?" asked my father, in increasing amazement.

'I mean, to decapitate the monster,' he answered, with a fierce flush, and a stamp that echoed mournfully through the hollow ruin, and his clenched hand was at the same moment raised, as if it grasped the handle of an axe, while he shook it ferociously in the air.

'What?' exclaimed my father, more than ever bewildered.

'To strike her head off.'

'Cut her head off!'

'Aye, with a hatchet, with a spade, or with anything that can cleave through her murderous throat. You shall hear,' he answered, trembling with rage. And hurrying forward he said:

'That beam will answer for a seat; your dear child is fatigued; let her be seated, and I will, in a few sentences, close my dreadful story.'

The squared block of wood, which lay on the grass-grown pavement of the chapel, formed a bench on which I was very glad to seat myself, and in the meantime the General called to the woodman, who had been removing some boughs which leaned upon the old walls; and, axe in hand, the hardy old fellow stood before us.

He could not tell us anything of these monuments; but there was an old man, he said, a ranger of this forest, at present sojourning in the house of the priest, about two miles away, who could point out every monument of the old Karnstein family; and, for a trifle, he undertook to bring him back with him, if we would lend him one of our horses, in little more than half an hour.

'Have you been long employed about this forest?' asked my father of the old man.

'I have been a woodman here,' he answered in his *patois*, 'under the forester, all my days; so has my father before me, and so on, as many generations as I can count up. I could show you the very house, in the village here, in which my ancestors lived.'

'How came the village to be deserted?' asked the General.

'It was troubled by *revenants*, Sir; several were tracked to their graves, there detected by the usual tests, and extinguished in the usual way, by decapitation, by the stake, and by burning; but not until many of the villagers were killed.

'But after all these proceedings according to law,' he continued—'so many graves opened, and so many vampires deprived of their horrible animation—the village was not relieved. But a Moravian nobleman, who happened to be travelling this way, heard how matters were, and being skilled—as many people are in his country—in such affairs, he offered to deliver the village from its tormentor. He did so thus: There being a bright moon that night, he ascended, shortly after sunset, the towers of the

chapel here, from whence he could distinctly see the churchyard beneath him ; you can see it from that window. From this point he watched until he saw the vampire come out of his grave, and place near it the linen clothes in which he had been folded, and then glide away towards the village to plague its inhabitants.

'The stranger, having seen all this, came down from the steeple, took the linen wrappings of the vampire, and carried them up to the top of the tower, which he again mounted. When the vampire returned from his prowlings and missed his clothes, he cried furiously to the Moravian, whom he saw at the summit of the tower, and who, in reply, beckoned him to ascend and take them. Whereupon the vampire, accepting his invitation, began to climb the steeple, and so soon as he had reached the battlements, the Moravian, with a stroke of his sword, clove his skull in twain, hurling him down to the churchyard, whither, descending by the winding stairs, the stranger followed and cut his head off, and next day delivered it and the body to the villagers, who duly impaled and burnt them.

'This Moravian nobleman had authority from the then head of the family to remove the tomb of Mircalla, Countess Karnstein, which he did effectually, so that in a little while its site was quite forgotten.'

'Can you point out where it stood?' asked the General, eagerly.

The forester shook his head and smiled.

'Not a soul living could tell you that now,' he said ; 'besides, they say her body was removed ; but no one is sure of that either.'

Having thus spoken, as time pressed, he dropped his axe and departed, leaving us to hear the remainder of the General's strange story.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEETING.

'My beloved child,' he resumed, 'was now growing rapidly worse. The physician who attended her had failed to produce the slightest impression upon her disease, for such I then supposed it to be. He saw my alarm, and suggested a consultation. I called in an abler physician, from Gratz. Several days elapsed before he arrived. He was a good and pious, as well as a learned man. Having seen my poor ward together, they withdrew to my library to confer and discuss. I, from the adjoining room, where I awaited their summons, heard these two gentlemen's voices raised in something sharper than a strictly philosophical discussion. I knocked at the door and entered. I found the old phy-

sician from Gratz maintaining his theory. His rival was combatting it with undisguised ridicule, accompanied with bursts of laughter. This unseemly manifestation subsided and the altercation ended on my entrance.

“Sir,” said my first physician, “my learned brother seems to think that you want a conjuror, and not a doctor.”

“Pardon me,” said the old physician from Gratz, looking displeased, “I shall state my own view of the case in my own way another time. I grieve, Monsieur le General, that by my skill and science I can be of no use. Before I go I shall do myself the honour to suggest something to you.”

He seemed thoughtful, and sat down at a table and began to write. Profoundly disappointed, I made my bow, and as I turned to go the other doctor pointed over his shoulder to his companion who was writing, and then, with a shrug, significantly touched his forehead.

This consultation, then, left me precisely where I was. I walked out into the grounds, all but distracted. The doctor from Gratz, in ten or fifteen minutes, overtook me. He apologised for having followed me, but said that he could not conscientiously take his leave without a few words more. He told me that he could not be mistaken; no natural disease exhibited the same symptoms; and that death was already very near. There remained, however, a day, or possibly two, of life. If the fatal seizure were at once arrested, with great care and skill her strength might possibly return. But all hung now upon the confines of the irrevocable. One more assault might extinguish the last spark of vitality which is, every moment, ready to die.

“And what is the nature of the seizure you speak of?” I entreated.

“I have stated all fully in this note, which I place in your hands upon the distinct condition that you send for the nearest clergyman, and open my letter in his presence, and on no account read it till he is with you; you would despise it else, and it is a matter of life and death. Should the priest fail you, then, indeed, you may read it.”

He asked me, before taking his leave finally, whether I would wish to see a man curiously learned upon the very subject, which, after I had read his letter, would probably interest me above all others, and he urged me earnestly to invite him to visit him there; and so took his leave.

The ecclesiastic was absent, and I read the letter by myself. At another time, or in another case, it might have excited my ridicule. But into what quackeries will not people rush for a last chance, where all accustomed means have failed, and the life of a beloved object is at stake?

Nothing, you will say, could be more absurd than the learned man's letter. It was monstrous enough to have consigned him to a madhouse.

g it
This
my

hink

ased,
e. I
f no
ou."
rite.
the
ting,

l out
n or
me,
few
tural
very
fatal
ngth
irre-
ality

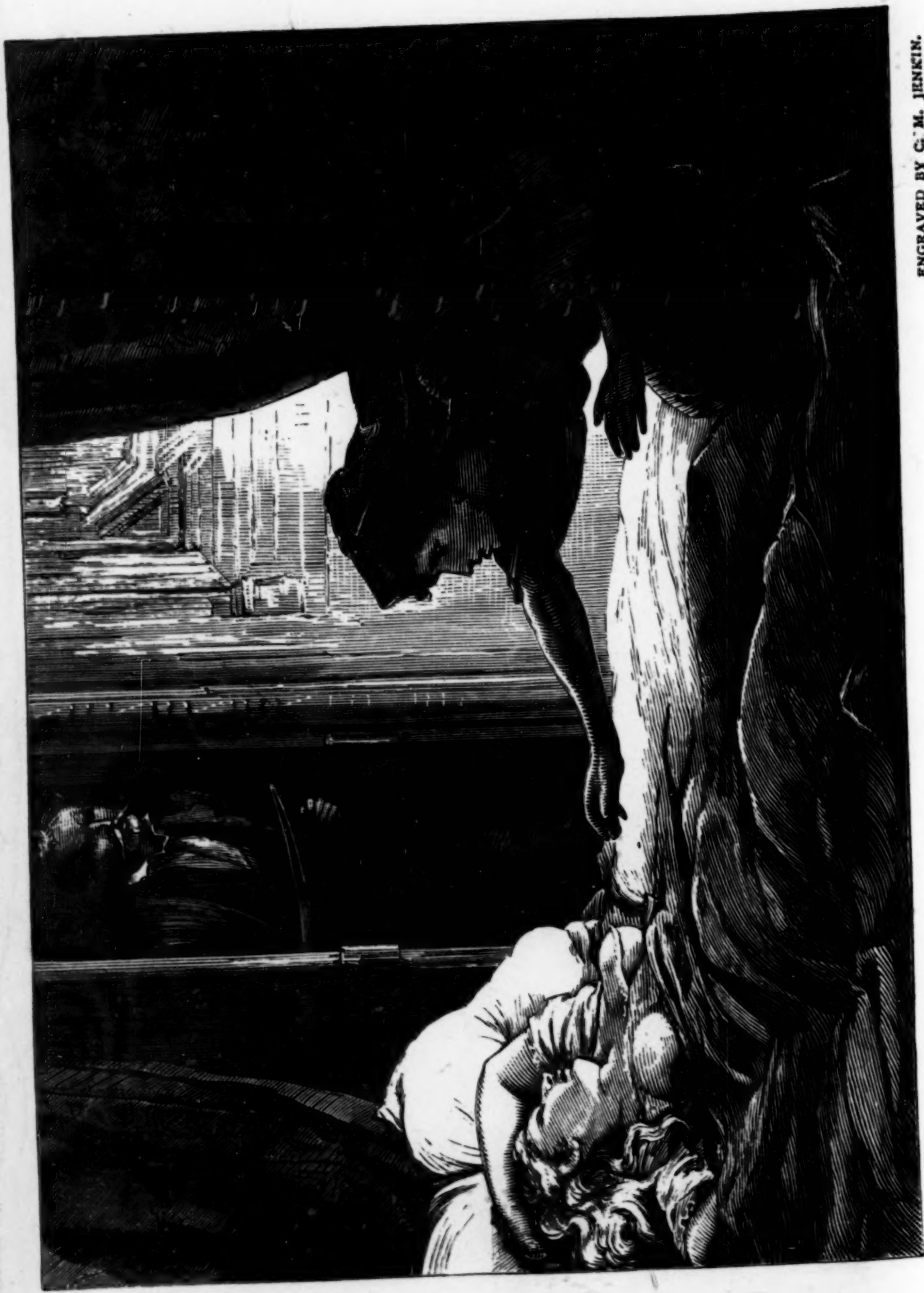
ated.
ands
and
with
eath.

wish
had
d he
k his

At
cule.
here
is at

nan's
ouse.





ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

‘CARMILLA.’

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

He said that the patient was suffering from the visits of a vampire ! The punctures which she described as having occurred near the throat, were, he insisted, the insertion of those two long, thin, and sharp teeth which, it is well known, are peculiar to vampires ; and there could be no doubt, he added, as to the well-defined presence of the small livid mark which all concurred in describing as that induced by the demon's lips, and every symptom described by the sufferer was in exact conformity with those recorded in every case of a similar visitation.

'Being myself wholly sceptical as to the existence of any such portent as the vampire, the supernatural theory of the good doctor furnished, in my opinion, but another instance of learning and intelligence oddly associated with some one hallucination. I was so miserable, however, that, rather than try nothing, I acted upon the instructions of the letter.

'I concealed myself in the dark dressing-room, that opened upon the poor patient's room, in which a candle was burning, and watched there till she was fast asleep. I stood at the door, peeping through the small crevice, my sword laid on the table beside me, as my directions prescribed, until, a little after one, I saw a large black object, very ill-defined, crawl, as it seemed to me, over the foot of the bed, and swiftly spread itself up to the poor girl's throat, where it swelled, in a moment, into a great, palpitating mass. For a few moments I had stood petrified. I now sprang forward, with my sword in my hand. The black creature suddenly contracted toward the foot of the bed, glided over it, and, standing on the floor about a yard below the foot of the bed, with a glare of skulking ferocity and horror fixed on me, I saw Millarca. Speculating I know not what, I struck at her instantly with my sword ; but I saw her standing near the door, unscathed. Horrified, I pursued, and struck again. She was gone ; and my sword flew to shivers against the door.

'I can't describe to you all that passed on that horrible night. The whole house was up and stirring. The spectre Millarca was gone. But her victim was sinking fast, and before the morning dawned, she died.'

The old General was agitated. We did not speak to him. My father walked to some little distance, and began reading the inscriptions on the tombstones ; and thus occupied, he strolled into the door of a side-chapel to prosecute his researches. The General leaned against the wall, dried his eyes, and sighed heavily. I was relieved on hearing the voices of Carmilla and Madame, who were at that moment approaching. The voices died away.

In this solitude, having just listened to so strange a story, connected, as it was, with the great and titled dead, whose monuments were mouldering among the dust and ivy round us, and every incident of which bore so awfully upon my own mysterious case—in this haunted

spot, darkened by the towering foliage that rose on every side, dense and high above its noiseless walls—a horror began to steal over me, and my heart sank as I thought that my friends were, after all, not about to enter and disturb this triste and ominous scene.

The old General's eyes were fixed on the ground, as he leaned with his hand upon the basement of a shattered monument.

Under a narrow, arched doorway, surmounted by one of those demoniacal grotesques in which the cynical and ghastly fancy of old Gothic carving delights, I saw very gladly the beautiful face and figure of Carmilla enter the shadowy chapel.

I was just about to rise and speak, and nodded smiling, in answer to her peculiarly engaging smile; when with a cry, the old man by my side caught up the woodman's hatchet, and started forward. On seeing him a brutalised change came over her features. It was an instantaneous and horrible transformation, as she made a crouching step backwards. Before I could utter a scream, he struck at her with all his force, but she dived under his blow, and unscathed, caught him in her tiny grasp by the wrist. He struggled for a moment to release his arm, but his hand opened, the axe fell to the ground, and the girl was gone.

He staggered against the wall. His grey hair stood upon his head, and a moisture shone over his face, as if he were at the point of death.

The frightful scene had passed in a moment. The first thing I recollect after, is Madame standing before me, and impatiently repeating again and again, the question, 'Where is Mademoiselle Carmilla?'

I answered at length, 'I don't know—I can't tell—she went there,' and I pointed to the door through which Madame had just entered; 'only a minute or two since.'

'But I have been standing there, in the passage, ever since Mademoiselle Carmilla entered; and she did not return.'

She then began to call 'Carmilla,' through every door and passage and from the windows, but no answer came.

'She called herself Carmilla?' asked the General, still agitated.

'Carmilla, yes,' I answered.

"Aye," he said; "that is Millarca. That is the same person who long ago was called Mircalla, Countess Karnstein. Depart from this accursed ground, my poor child, as quickly as you can. Drive to the clergyman's house, and stay there till we come. Begone! May you never behold Carmilla more; you will not find her here.'

CHAPTER XV.

ORDEAL AND EXECUTION.

As he spoke one of the strangest looking men I ever beheld, entered the chapel at the door through which Carmilla had made her entrance and her exit. He was tall, narrow-chested, stooping, with high shoulders, and dressed in black. His face was brown and dried in with deep furrows; he wore an oddly-shaped hat with a broad leaf. His hair, long and grizzled, hung on his shoulders. He wore a pair of gold spectacles, and walked slowly, with an odd shambling gait, with his face sometimes turned up to the sky, and sometimes bowed down toward the ground, seemed to wear a perpetual smile; his long thin arms were swinging, and his lank hands, in old black gloves ever so much too wide for them, waving and gesticulating in utter abstraction.

'The very man!' exclaimed the General, advancing with manifest delight. 'My dear Baron, how happy I am to see you, I had no hope of meeting you so soon.' He signed to my father, who had by this time returned, and leading the fantastic old gentleman, whom he called the Baron to meet him. He introduced him formally, and they at once entered into earnest conversation. The stranger took a roll of paper from his pocket, and spread it on the worn surface of a tomb that stood by. He had a pencil-case in his fingers, with which he traced imaginary lines from point to point on the paper, which from their often glancing from it, together, at certain points of the building, I concluded to be a plan of the chapel. He accompanied, what I may term, his lecture, with occasional readings from a dirty little book, whose yellow leaves were closely written over.

They sauntered together down the side aisle, opposite to the spot where I was standing, conversing as they went; then they begun measuring distances by paces, and finally they all stood together, facing a piece of the side-wall, which they began to examine with great minuteness; pulling off the ivy that clung over it, and rapping the plaster with the ends of their sticks, scraping here, and knocking there. At length they ascertained the existence of a broad marble tablet, with letters carved in relief upon it.

With the assistance of the woodman, who soon returned, a monumental inscription, and carved escutcheon, were disclosed. They proved to be those of the long lost monument of Mircalla, Countess Karnstein.

The old General, though not I fear given to the praying mood, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, in mute thanksgiving for some moments.

‘To-morrow,’ I heard him say; ‘the commissioner will be here, and the Inquisition will be held according to law.’

Then turning to the old man with the gold spectacles, whom I have described, he shook him warmly by both hands and said :

“Baron, how can I thank you? How can we all thank you? You will have delivered this region from a plague that has scourged its inhabitants for more than a century. The horrible enemy, thank God, is at last tracked.’

My father led the stranger aside, and the General followed. I knew that he had led them out of hearing, that he might relate my case, and I saw them glance often quickly at me, as the discussion proceeded.

My father came to me, kissed me again and again, and leading me from the chapel, said :

‘It is time to return, but before we go home, we must add to our party the good priest, who lives but a little way from this; and persuade him to accompany us to the schloss.’

In this quest we were successful : and I was glad, being unspeakably fatigued when we reached home. But my satisfaction was changed to dismay, on discovering that there were no tidings of Carmilla. Of the scene that had occurred in the ruined chapel, no explanation was offered to me, and it was clear that it was a secret which my father for the present determined to keep from me.

The sinister absence of Carmilla made the remembrance of the scene more horrible to me. The arrangements for that night were singular. Two servants, and Madame were to sit up in my room that night; and the ecclesiastic with my father kept watch in the adjoining dressing-room.

The priest had performed certain solemn rites that night, the purport of which I did not understand any more than I comprehended the reason of this extraordinary precaution taken for my safety during sleep.

I saw all clearly a few days later.

The disappearance of Carmilla was followed by the discontinuance of my nightly sufferings.

You have heard, no doubt, of the appalling superstition that prevails in upper and lower Styria, in Moravia, Silisia, in Turkish Servia, in Poland, even in Russia; the superstition, so we must call it, of the Vampire.

If human testimony, taken with every care and solemnity, judicially, before commissions innumerable, each consisting of many members, all chosen for integrity and intelligence, and constituting reports more voluminous perhaps than exist upon any one other class of cases, is worth anything, it is difficult to deny, or even to doubt the existence of such a phenomenon as the Vampire.

For my part I have heard no theory by which to explain what I myself have witnessed and experienced, other than that supplied by the ancient and well-attested belief of the country.

The next day the formal proceedings took place in the Chapel of Karnstein. The grave of the Countess Mircalla was opened ; and the General and my father recognised each his perfidious and beautiful guest, in the face now disclosed to view. The features, though a hundred and fifty years had passed since her funeral, were tinted with the warmth of life. Her eyes were open ; no cadaverous smell exhaled from the coffin. The two medical men, one officially present, the other on the part of the promoter of the enquiry, attested the marvellous fact, that there was a faint but appreciable respiration, and a corresponding action of the heart. The limbs were perfectly flexible, the flesh elastic ; and the leaden coffin floated with blood, in which to a depth of seven inches, the body lay immersed. Here then, were all the admitted signs and proofs of vampirism. The body, therefore, in accordance with the ancient practice, was raised, and a sharp stake driven through the heart of the vampire, who uttered a piercing shriek at the moment, in all respects such as might escape from a living person in the last agony. Then the head was struck off, and a torrent of blood flowed from the severed neck. The body and head were next placed on a pile of wood, and reduced to ashes, which were thrown upon the river and borne away, and that territory has never since been plagued by the visits of a vampire.

My father has a copy of the report of the Imperial Commission, with the signatures of all who were present at these proceedings, attached in verification of the statement. It is from this official paper that I have summarized my account of this last shocking scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

I WRITE all this you suppose with composure. But far from it ; I cannot think of it without agitation. Nothing but your earnest desire so repeatedly expressed, could have induced me to sit down to a task that has unstrung my nerves for months to come, and reinduced a shadow of the unspeakable horror which years after my deliverance continued to make my days and nights dreadful, and solitude insupportably terrific.

Let me add a word or two about that quaint Baron Vordenburg, to

whose curious lore we were indebted for the discovery of the Countess Mircalla's grave.

He had taken up his abode in Gratz, where, living upon a mere pittance, which was all that remained to him of the once princely estates of his family, in Upper Styria, he devoted himself to the minute and laborious investigation of the marvellously authenticated tradition of Vampirism. He had at his finger's ends all the great and little works upon the subject. 'Magia Posthuma,' 'Phlegon de Mirabilibus,' 'Augustinus de curâ pro Mortuis,' 'Philosophicæ et Christianæ Cogitationes de Vampiris,' by John Christofer Herenberg; and a thousand others, among which I remember only a few of those which he lent to my father. He had a voluminous digest of all the judicial cases, from which he had extracted a system of principles that appear to govern—some always, and others occasionally only—the condition of the vampire. I may mention, in passing, that the deadly pallor attributed to that sort of *revenants*, is a mere melodramatic fiction. They present, in the grave, and when they show themselves in human society, the appearance of healthy life. When disclosed to light in their coffins, they exhibit all the symptoms that are enumerated as those which proved the vampire-life of the long-dead Countess Karnstein. How they escape from their graves and return to them for certain hours every day, without displacing the clay or leaving any trace of disturbance in the state of the coffin or the ceremonies, has always been admitted to be utterly inexplicable. The amphibious existence of the vampire is sustained by daily renewed slumber in the grave. Its horrible lust for living blood supplies the vigour of its waking existence. The vampire is prone to be fascinated with an engrossing vehemence, resembling the passion of love, by particular persons. In pursuit of these it will exercise inexhaustible patience and stratagem, for access to a particular object may be obstructed in a hundred ways. It will never desist until it has satiated its passion, and drained the very life of its coveted victim. But it will, in these cases, husband and protract its murderous enjoyment with the refinement of an epicure, and heighten it by the gradual approaches of an artful courtship. In these cases it seems to yearn for something like sympathy and consent. In ordinary ones it goes direct to its object, overpowers with violence, and strangles and exhausts often at a single feast.

The vampire is, apparently, subject, in certain situations, to special conditions. In the particular instance of which I have given you a relation, Mircalla seemed to be limited to a name which, if not her real one, should at least reproduce, without the omission or addition of a single letter, those, as we say, anagrammatically, which compose it. *Carmilla* did this; so did *Millarca*.

My father related to the Baron Vordenburg, who remained with us for

two or three weeks after the expulsion of Carmilla, the story about the Moravian nobleman and the vampire at Karnstein churchyard, and then he asked the Baron how he had discovered the exact position of the long-concealed tomb of the Countess Millarca? The Baron's grotesque features puckered up into a mysterious smile; he looked down, still smiling on his worn spectacle-case, and fumbled with it. Then looking up, he said:

'I have many journals, and other papers, written by that remarkable man; the most curious among them is one treating of the visit of which you speak, to Karnstein. The tradition, of course, discolours and distorts a little. He might have been termed a Moravian nobleman, for he had changed his abode to that territory, and was, beside, a noble. But he was, in truth, a native of Upper Styria. It is enough to say that in very early youth he had been a passionate and favoured lover of the beautiful Mircalla, Countess Karnstein. Her early death plunged him into inconsolable grief. It is the nature of vampires to increase and multiply, but according to an ascertained and ghostly law.

'Assume, at starting, a territory perfectly free from that pest. How does it begin, and how does it multiply itself? I will tell you. A person, more or less wicked, puts an end to himself. A suicide, under certain circumstances, becomes a vampire. That spectre visits living people in their slumbers; *they* die, and almost invariably, in the grave, develope into vampires. This happened in the case of the beautiful Mircalla, who was haunted by one of those demons. My ancestor, Vordenburg, whose title I still bear, soon discovered this, and in the course of the studies to which he devoted himself, learned a great deal more.

'Among other things, he concluded that suspicion of vampirism would probably fall, sooner or later, upon the dead Countess, who in life had been his idol. He conceived a horror, be she what she might, of her remains being profaned by the outrage of a posthumous execution. He has left a curious paper to prove that the vampire, on its expulsion from its amphibious existence, is projected into a far more horrible life; and he resolved to save his once beloved Mircalla from this. He adopted the stratagem of a journey here, a pretended removal of her remains, and a real obliteration of her monument. When age had stolen upon him, and from the vale of years he looked back on the scenes he was leaving, he considered, in a different spirit, what he had done, and a horror took possession of him. He made the tracings and notes which have guided me to the very spot, and drew up a confession of the deception that he had practised. If he had intended any further action in this matter, death prevented him; and the hand of remote

descendant has, too late for many, directed the pursuit to the lair of the beast.'

We talked a little more, and among other things he said was this :

'One sign of the vampire is the power of the hand. The slender hand of Mircalla closed like a vice of steel on the General's wrist when he raised the hatchet to strike. But its power is not confined to its grasp ; it leaves a numbness in the limb it seizes, which is slowly, if ever, recovered from.'

The following spring my father took me a tour through Italy. We remained away for more than a year. It was long before the terror of recent events subsided ; and to this hour the image of Carmilla returns to memory with ambiguous alternations—sometimes the playful, languid, beautiful girl ; sometimes the writhing fiend I saw in the ruined church ; and often from a reverie I have started, fancying I heard the light step of Carmilla at the drawing-room door.

GERMAN GYMNASTICS IN LONDON.

If the truth be told, it was with a certain feeling of hesitation and despondency that we accepted the invitation of the German Gymnastic Society to witness their Annual Display in their Hall at King's Cross. In the first place, the locality, though doubtless accessible, is not precisely the centre of metropolitan civilisation; and in the second, we had an old-fashioned prejudice that athletic feats were, like amateur theatricals, considerably more interesting to the performers than to any one else.

This idea was, we admit, only prejudice, and was, we must further admit, as unjustifiable as prejudices generally are. Our evening at the Turnverein has corrected our somewhat hazy notions on the subject. We went northward, prepared to scoff, or rather perhaps to slight, and we returned southward, ready to appreciate and to praise. This is what we saw. A spacious hall, resembling more than anything else the head-quarters of an English volunteer corps, decorated with foreign taste, and designed with a continental eye to comfort. Around it raised seats, devoted principally to spectators of the non-athletic sex; above it galleries, used, and largely used too, for the same worthy object. When we entered the whole place was thronged, the seats and galleries as we have described, and the body of the place itself by some hundred and thirty young men, clad in the peaceful uniform of white flannel, and performing to rapidly-uttered words of command their unwarlike drill. 'One! two! three!' spoken with a German accent and with German energy, and out fly two hundred arms in unison, and with a precision that does Mr. Schweizer, the director of exercises, great credit. Then come out into play the two hundred legs, and then, in various inglorious combinations, the four hundred limbs that we have mentioned. Faster and faster does the drill-master run through the round of his magic numbers, until we get quite warm with watching the exertions of his snow-white band. Yet the movements remain as simultaneous as ever, and the clap of the hands, which recurs periodically, continues as accurate a volley as at first. This is the Mass Exercise, and capital exercise it must be for developing the muscles and the chests of city clerks, whose chief physical efforts would ordinarily consist of the manipulation of ledgers and the ascent of office stools.

As soon as the last of the athletes had filed away into obscurity in

the background, a chosen few re-appeared—this time provided with masks, wherewith to guard against the implements of destruction in their hands; for they were about to cut and thrust in that mimic combat which was once so necessary an element in the education of the gentleman. 'Enough!' and in less time than it takes to write it the hall assumed the appearance of a four-post bed without the posts, and minus legs; in other words, mattresses covered the floor as if by magic, since not even your German gymnast cares to receive a throw on to the boards in a Cumberland wrestling bout. Need we describe the well-known features of that curious contest, how a big man seizes a little man, waltzes round and round with his burden in his arms, fails to deposit it except on its feet, and finally succeeds in depositing himself on his back?

Then came others who boxed each other blue in the face, much to their apparent relish; whilst some wielded heavy clubs as though they were walking-sticks, or jumped from the spring board so high that we really began to tremble for the roof. It is, however, on the swing, the bar, and the vaulting horse that our gymnasts came out with most effect, though criticism on these performances by the uninitiated is not, we believe, a profitable occupation. From what we could gather from the remarks of the intelligent, it seems to be a rule that the more nearly a young man appears to approach the end of his mortal career by an awkward fracture of the neck, the more certain it is that his feat is in reality as simple as is a conjuror's trick, when you know it. We were told that the real test of excellence was concealed in the muscles of the left arm, its powers in supporting the body in uncomfortable attitudes, and in positions like that of a flying angel who has broken one wing.

To us, we must confess, many of the individual performances appeared very admirable of their kind; but what was much more admirable than any such exceptional excellence was the high level of physical development to which the whole club is brought. *All* are able to do fairly well, and *all* have evidently undergone a careful course of intelligent training. As the whole class flies over the table like a flock of scared geese, in every possible style of vault that the mind of gymnast has conceived, one cannot avoid noticing the way in which the activity of all alike has been cultivated with equal care. In place of that *dilettante* athleticism which half kills itself one day with dumb bells at the club, and then for the next fortnight does nothing but amuse itself with monkey-tricks on the horizontal bar, it is evident that a regular course of thoughtfully-constructed exercise has here to be undergone. A distinct end is here set before the energetic young gymnast even in his amusement, and, thanks to a wholesome feeling of simple emulation, that end seems generally to be attained.

ERNEST A. BENDALL

THE DOG GUARD.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

—♦—

THERE are lonesome places upon the earth
That have never echoed a sound of mirth ;
Where the spirits abound that feast and quaff
On the shuddering soul of a murder'd laugh ;
And take grim delight in the fearful start
As their unseen fingers clutch the heart,
And the blood flies out from the griping pain,
To carry the chill through every vein ;
And the staring eyes and the whiten'd faces
Are a joy to these ghosts of the lonesome places.

But of all the spots on this earthly sphere,
Where these dismal spirits are strong and near,
There is one more dreary than all the rest—
'Tis the barren Island of Rottenest.

On Australia's western coast you may,
On a seaman's chart of Fremantle Bay,
Find a tiny speck, some ten miles from shore ;
If the chart be good there is something more :
For a shoal runs in on the landward side,
With five fathoms marked for the highest tide.
You have nought but my word for all the rest ;
But that speck is the Island of Rottenest.

'Tis a white sand heap, about two miles long,
And say half as wide ; but the deeds of wrong
Between man and his brother that there took place
Are sufficient to sully a continent's face.

Ah ! cruel tales !—were they told as a whole
They would scare your polished humanity's soul—
They would blanch the cheeks in your carpeted room,
With a terrible thought of the merited doom
For the crimes committed, still unredressed,
On that white sand heap called Rottenest.

Of late years the island is not so bare
As it was when I saw it first, for there
On the outer headland some buildings stand,
And a flag, red-crossed, says the patch of sand
Is a recognised part of the wide domain
That is blessed with the peace of Victoria's reign.
But behind the lighthouse the land's the same,
And it bears grim proof of the white man's shame,
For the miniature vales that the island owns
Have a horrible harvest of human bones !

And how did they come there ? That's the word,
And I'll answer it now with a tale I heard
From the lips of a man who was there, and saw
The bad end of man's greed and of colony law.

Many years ago, when the white man first
Set his foot on the soil, and was hated and curst
By the native, who had not yet learned to fear
The dark wrath of the stranger, but drove his spear
With a freeman's force and a bushman's yell
At the white invader, it then befell
That so many were killed, and cooked, and eaten,
There was risk of the whites in the end being beaten.
So a plan was proposed—'twas deemed safest and best—
To imprison the natives in Rottenest.

And so every time there was white blood spilled,
There were black men captured, and those not killed
In the rage of vengeance were sent away
To this bleak sand isle in Fremantle Bay.
And it soon came round that a thousand men
Were together there, like wild beasts in a pen.
There was not a shrub nor grass blade in the sand,
Nor a piece of timber as large as your hand ;
But a Government boat went out each day
To fling meat ashore, and then sailed away.

For a year or so, this course was pursued,
Till 'twas noticed that fewer came down for food
When the boat appeared ; then a guard lay round
The island one night, and the white man found
That the savages swam through the lowest tide
To the shoal, that lay on the landward side—

'Twas a mile from the beach,—and then waded ashore :
So the settlers all met in grave council once more.

That a guard was needed, was plain to all ;
But nobody answered the Governor's call,
For a volunteer watch : there were only a few,
And then wild young farms gave plenty to do ;
And the council of settlers was breaking up
With a dread of the sorrow they'd have to sup
When the unawed savages, for vengeance wild,
Laid wait in the woods for the mother and child.
And with doleful countenance, each to his neighbour
Told a dreary tale of the world of labour .
He had, and said, ' Let him watch who can,
I can't,'—when there stepped to the front a man
With a hard brown face and a burglar's brow,
Who had learned the secret he uttered now,
When he served in the Chain-Gang in New South Wales ;
And he said to them, ' Friends, as all else fails,
These 'ere natives are safe as if locked and barred,
If you line that shoal with a mastiff guard !'

Then the settlers looked at each other awhile,
Till the wonder toned to a well-pleased smile,
When the brown ex-burglar said he knew
And would show the whole of 'em what to do.

About three weeks after, the guard was set,
And a native who swam to the shoal was met
By two half-starved dogs when a mile from shore,
And somehow that native was never seen more.
The settlers were pleased with the capital plan,
And voted their thanks to the hard-faced man.
For a year, each day, did the Governor's boat
Take the meat to the isle and its guard afloat.
In a line, on the face of the shoal, the dogs
Had a dry house each on some anchored logs ;
And the neck-chain from each stretched just half-way
To the next dog's house. Right across the bay
Ran a line that was hideous with horrid sounds
From the hungry throats of two hundred hounds.

So one more year passed ; and the brutes on the logs
Had grown more like devils than common dogs.

There was such a hell-chorus by day and night
That the settlers ashore were chilled with fright
When they thought : ' If that legion should break away,
And come in with the tide some fatal day ! '

But they 'scaped that chance, for a man came in
From the Bush one day, with a 'possum's skin
To the throat filled up with large pearls he'd found
To the north on the shore of the Shark's Bay Sound :
And the settlement blazed with a wild commotion
At the sight of the gems from the wealthy ocean.
Then the families all began to pack
Their household treasures, and ask the track
That the bushman followed to strike the spot,
While the dogs and the natives were all forgot.
In two days, from that camp on the River Swan,
To the Shark's Bay Sound had the settlers gone ;
And no merciful feeling did one retard
For the helpless men and their terrible guard !
It were vain to try, in my quiet room,
To write down the truth of the awful doom
That befell those savages prisoned there,
When the pangs of hunger and gaunt despair
Had nigh made them mad as the fiends outside.
'Tis enough that one night, through the low ebb tide,
Swam nine hundred savages, armed with stones,
And with weapons made from their dead friends' bones.
Without ripple or sound, when the moon was gone,
Through the inky water they glided on,
Swimming deep, and scarce daring to draw a breath,
While the dogs, if they saw, were as dumb as death.

'Twas a terrible picture ! Oh God ! that the night
Were so black as to cover the horrid sight
From the eyes of the Angel that notes man's ways
In the Book that will ope on the day of days !
There were screams when they met—shrill screams of pain,
For each animal swam at the length of his chain,
And with parching throat, and in furious mood,
Lay awaiting, not men, but his coming food.
There were short sharp cries and a line of fleck,
As the long fangs sank in the swimmer's neck ;
There were gurgling growls mixed with human groans,
For the savages drave the sharpened bones

Through their enemies' ribs, and the bodies sank—
Each dog holding fast with a bone through his flank.
Then those of the natives who 'scaped, swam back ;
But too late, for scores of the savage pack,
Driven mad by the yells and the sounds of fight
Had broke loose and followed. On that dread night
Let the curtain fall—when the red sun rose
From the placid ocean, the joys and woes
Of a thousand men he had last eve seen
Were as things or thoughts that had never been.

When the settlers returned, in a month or two,
They bethought of the dogs and the prisoned crew :
And a boat went out on an ill-timed quest
Of whatever was living on Rottenest.
They searched all the isle and sailed back again
With some specimen bones of the dogs and men.

'FROM THE ALTAR TO THE BAR.'

I AM essentially an Anglo-Indienne. Born in Skandalore, educated in Asia Minor (to the uninitiated, Bayswater), 'finished' in Paris, brought out at Gupacamund, married in Falsehoodabad, set free at Westminster—no one will, I think, dispute my claim to the title.

This is the brief record of my married life, a state of being so well compared by a facetious writer to the condition in which we sometimes see two sulky pointers coupled together with a chain, each wishing to go in a separate direction. Nor could a more apposite simile be selected for the exemplification of my case. My marriage, like hosts of others in the present day, was a miserable affair—a fatal mistake. Two human beings of utterly opposite tastes and feelings are linked together in the bonds of matrimony, a few wretched years are passed in mutual endeavours to humiliate each other, and this horrible drama of domestic life terminates abruptly in that simplest, most effectual, acceptable, respectable law-court at Westminster where, between the disillusioning hours of eleven and four, matrimonial operations of the most complex nature are performed, conjugal pains and aches promptly afforded relief, and where, in cases of malignant moral cancer, the welcome law-knife divides in a trice the nuptial knot, thus sending forth once more unfettered, to the hunting-grounds of Hymen, two more silly flies who, singed though they've been, still hover round the flame, re-marry, and are again given in marriage. Such flimsy connections are not marriages. It is a shame to call them so. Though at the present day there is no lack of weddings, there are very few marriages. 'Matrimonial alliances' there may be; but they are no more marriages in the divine sense of the term than theology is religion. God made the one—the Devil made the other.

Although I spent many years in India, I never liked it. The conditions of life and social distinction which, even in England, have brought forth by degrees that social monster the 'Matrimonial alliance of the Nineteenth Century,' are there intensified and encouraged.

There is an artificiality about it all which has ever been distasteful to me. The complaints I have to make against its society are nearly all traceable, in due course, to one great blemish, viz., 'Precedence.' This social bugbear is continually threatening to prove a death-blow to all pleasant intercourse, for in the endeavour to imitate the grades and shades of society in England, the Anglo-Indian world not having, as a rule, the bases of birth and private fortune on which to found the social fabric, is forced to make the invidious substitute of Government salaries its standard. Thus the fortunate individual who happens to have a little interest in some member of the Government, is suddenly supplied with an appointment worth three or four thousand rupees a month, and in consequence henceforth assumes a social position above his less prosperous compeers, purely in consequence of his pecuniary advantage; and the insolence of wealth, untempered by that delicacy which a position independent of it (as far as a salary is concerned) nearly always induces, becomes—as all who have experienced it must admit—offensive and noxious. To be high up in the order of 'precedence' then, by means of a good appointment with a large salary, being in India considered as the *summum bonum*, it is not a matter of surprise that ambitious mammas and practical papas should impress upon their daughters to marry for love and money, if possible—but for money, anyhow.

And so many ill-advised marriages take place, in consequence simply of a passing whim on the part of the gentleman who, banished in his distant Mofussil station, sees but few English girls, and thinks the first simple face he comes across a prize to be secured at any cost. At any cost, indeed; for the unfortunate girl—with at the utmost, perhaps, a partiality for him when she marries—afterwards too often finds she is little better than mated with a clown who in a week destroys all her youthful visions of matrimonial bliss, and renders her life nothing more than a prosaic existence. It is just at this juncture that the climate, and as a natural consequence the mode of life, step in most unfortunately to do their work. The great heat prevents the wife indulging in many of the occupations resorted to by her sisters at home. 'It is too hot to sing.' 'It is too hot to read.' 'I cannot go in the garden.' 'Of course I cannot ride till five o'clock.' 'The only thing I can do is to sit under the punkah and see visitors—that is, amusing visitors.' 'Captain Finnesse is such an amusing man, and brought out all the latest fashions and music with him last month.' As the hot weather approaches, the doctor orders her up to the cooler climate of the hills. The husband cannot get away immediately (perhaps he doesn't want to), but says he will follow her afterwards. Captain Finnesse, however, has managed to obtain leave, and puts in an appearance the week after. It was some such combination of circumstances as these

that prompted the following leaves from my diary—written last year, upon revisiting the old familiar spots in which the following events took place, after an absence of five years.

Gupacamund ; Oct. 28th, 1871.

'I am still lingering at Guppy. Memory is sweet ; I mean to me it is—especially here. I don't find my waist so often encompassed now with a coat sleeve, that I need not look back with pleasure to those days when Mrs. Twinne's husband (who is supposed to have shot himself after his tenth pair had been ushered into this vale of tears. Some say he had had a great deal to try him), a man of substance, very hirsute, and by no means of a domestic turn, used to pretend, as we sat together after a picnic, in the remoter parts of the Algological Gardens, that he wanted to pick a rare flower just the other side of me ; to obtain which, he had to pass his arm round me, and—as some would have said, though I didn't at the time—too often it remained there, naughty man, unable, as he professed, to pluck the blossom. Ah ! happy times never to return ! How savage Mrs. Twinne looked one day, for no other earthly reason than that she came upon us in the position above described ! Ridiculous nonsense. As if a married man could possibly be expected never to kiss anybody but his wife ! I should very much like to know how many married men have kissed me, when mamma had asked them to chaperône me because they were married men. It was just because they were married men that they kissed me. They seemed to think they had a sort of right to do so, because they all did it ; some of course more paternally than others ; but still they all did it somehow. Now the bachelors would have taken months, at least some that I remember would, to have arrived at the same climax, more especially as they would have been expected to follow up their victory by something more—in short by a proposal ; whereas the married men—the wretches !—knowing they had already parted with their hands, if not their hearts, would have been regardless of this consequence ; aware that they could not offer them again ; or rather that it was not lawful for them to do so. So that they absolutely enjoyed the roses without being bothered by the thorns.

Mem. Let me see, I think it was one week after our marriage, that my husband observed that this was a 'consummation devoutly to be wished'—*wretch* ! He and I, however, soon came to a mutual understanding on this point. We always made it a rule that at a picnic, a walking party, a ball, or anything else, we should kiss whoever we liked. (Sub-rosâ) of course, I like kissing ! It is an accomplishment that few possess in any degree of perfection.

October 29th.

This is a capital place for Platonics ; it offers so many opportunities for separating a man from his wife, and the men here seem to think it

part of their vocation to flirt with their friend's wives ; they wouldn't be friends if they didn't, which, I admit, is more than can be said of some stations in this presidency. There is not even here, though, that entire abnegation on the part of the wives during their husband's platonic which I observed when at a fashionable watering-place in Yorkshire last year, and which I am surprised to find is not more universal. On the whole, however, they appear to me to be less troublesome here than at many of the stations I have been at. The little up-country places are the worst in that respect. Dear me ! I distinctly remember when we were stopping once at Dullapore, that quite an unpleasant coolness sprang up between Mrs. General Grandame (as she invariably styled herself when unable to bring in 'my husband, the brigadier'), and Major McSycophant, because he allowed his wife to drive the dear old general about in his pony phaeton, when she was on the hills. Absurd ! Of course the poor old man couldn't be expected to drive himself about ; he was literally unable to ; most generals in India are unable to, and accordingly the major, who I must say had great occasion just then to keep in the brigadier's good books, 'felt awfully obliged' to him when he offered to give Mrs. McSycophant, who he knew was very fond of driving, some practise with his ponies, whilst Mrs. Grandame was absent ; he himself accompanying her in case of accident, as he knew the beasts and their antics well, adding that he was very sorry there was no seat for McSycophant, but that was unavoidable.

Mem. How very singular. I heard only last week, that soon after this occurred poor Captain Lovewell, whose young and pretty wife certainly treated the brig. very brusquely (she said it was simply keeping him in his place), lost his appointment, and Major McSycophant stepped in his place. — Poor Captain Lovewell ! I liked him so much. It was a great pity he stood so much in the way of his own interest. But there, he had only just married, and it is unfortunately almost always the latest bride in the station that the brigadier prefers.

October 30th.

This is the anniversary of my marriage-day, and no occasion could be more appropriate on which to make some record of that interesting event. This day, last year, my husband and I made a farewell excursion to the Crystal Palace. On the next, the law, through Lord Penzance, put us asunder. But I am anticipating. When I returned with my parents at the end of the Gupacamund season to Skandalore, after an unsuccessful campaign, I was a thorough proficient in that indispensable and graceful accomplishment which those uncouth Germans denominate by the unnecessarily harsh phrase 'man-hunting ;' but which mamma, by a polite circumlocution described as 'looking out for a husband.' This is one of the most delicate and difficult of the fine-

arts. Most men are entirely ignorant of its wonderful capacity for development; for though they themselves certainly sometimes 'look out for a wife,' and not only look out for her, but win her, fortune and all, with considerable adroitness, theirs is but a poor counterfeit of our speciality, in which, strange to say, many of them disbelieve; forgetting, the simpletons, that that which appears the simplest, most spontaneous, artless, charming and original, is more often than not the result of the closest observation, the most careful study, and the greatest tact.

Well, soon after we got back to Skandalore, my cousin, Major Graspall, came to stay with us. Mamma had repeatedly told me in an awe-inspiring whisper that he had twelve hundred a-year of his own, adding that his wife (whoever she might be) would be the chief lady in the station. Although, of course, he was none the less welcome in consequence of these qualifications, I was excessively glad at the time, for various other reasons, of his society, for Skandalore was frightfully slow. Nourished as it was by slander, and supported by Gup., a mere type of lots of other little up-country stations, where the society is, as a rule, quite as limited as on board ship, and where if the brigadier or other petty local tyrant happens to be of a spiteful turn, life is almost intolerable. The major and I did not get on together particularly well at first; indeed, for the matter of that our last state was rather the worst; but about a week after he arrived, the news came that dear old grandpapa had died at last, and wasn't it nice—left me 5,000*l.*, because I was his pet. By the following evening all Skandalore knew it. By the end of the week all the bachelors in the place had left their cards again, one enterprising subaltern coming down from Gupacamund on purpose, his journey being quite in vain, as will be seen immediately.

On the following Sunday morning, when I returned from church, the major, who had been wonderfully attentive, if not affectionate, during the previous day or two, informed me with an impressive shake of the hand, that he was glad to say it was all arranged, mamma having accepted him on my behalf an hour before, proposing that we should be married within the month. Everything having been so agreeably settled behind my back, there was, apparently, nothing remaining for me to do, except to get up the marriage service as correctly as possible, tell a dreadful story at the altar rails, and become as speedily as possible, to the envy of Skandalore and to my own eternal misery 'Mrs. Major Graspall.'

Oh! that miserable day; when for the sake of a few more silks and satins, an extra carriage, a higher seat at a dinner table, I consented to try and do the impossible—live blamelessly without affection, deaden my heart, strangle my passions, and become without a murmur the mere bondwoman, of a cold, cynical, heartless man of the world, twice my own age, and the hero of a hundred amours.

Well ! the marriage was grand enough in all conscience. The curtain went up as usual gaily on the smiling landscape which opens these 'sensational dramas of modern life.' There were the guests, the bridal presents, the hollow good wishes—such painful mockeries—the pity of the similarly united, the innocent envy of the single. There was the usual breakfast, to drink champagne at which the bachelors seemed to think was the only object of their having been asked. There were the usual bungling speeches when my deeply-respected master made a sad goose of himself in the following style :—'It gives me aw-w great pleshore on this aw-w-auspicious aw-occasion to say a few words. Yas, a few words, aw-on this *most* auspicious occasion. It is not often on an occasion like the aw-w-w-w-w present auspicious occasion, that it would give me so much pleshore (terrific fumbling here with a small note-book under his napkin) ; moreover this is an exceptional and ecstatic moment at which the swelling pulse of man's aw-w-w-w inmost travelling bags—no aw-w-I-I-aw'—(but it was no use, he had in his excitement turned over two pages of his note-book, and hence the unfortunate mistake into which he had fallen. Here he looked round to see if he could conveniently beat a retreat, but observing general attention, he made a great effort, in spite of the immense heat, there unfortunately being a hitch in the punkah-rope, and concluded as follows) :—'Therefore I cannot aw-w conclude on this aw-occasion these few remarks better than by repeating that I firmly adhere and shall ever adhere to all the sentiments I have given utterance to on this aw-auspicious occasion.' But my marriage was altogether such a miserable farce, that I do not care to dwell over it. Let me to-morrow begin a new sheet, on which to record the bitter experiences that soon were mine, in consequence of the unhappy alliance into which I had entered.

October 30th.

Platonics ! I didn't know what they were once, but I soon found out after my marriage. We went to Sorrowpore for our honeymoon ; a dismal affair in very truth, and there I was initiated into the regular mysteries of this wonderful science.

It is an universally admitted fact, that where there exists a demand a supply will be forthcoming. Now these modern commerco-matrimonio alliances, although they are all very well in their way in that they effect their object of uniting capital to capital, nevertheless cannot help frustrating in consequence, in many cases, the natural and divine laws which control the human heart. In other words, though money may be joined to money, it does not follow that heart must be joined to heart, and as most hearts do long to be joined to other hearts at some time or another of their existence, it will be obvious that there soon arose a demand for a social novelty, which, while it supplied to a great extent,

the absent affection so ardently desired might, nevertheless, be known by a polite name of a vague harmless nature, which should at once be recognised as a permissible recreation for married people, whose hearts were manifestly out of joint—Hence, Platonics.

It was about three weeks after our marriage. Sorrowpore was a small but cool station. The major had already commenced to leave me all alone during the day. He used to argue in this way: 'He could not be mincing about from morning to night doing the spoon. Spooning was all very well in its way, but there might be too much of a good thing.' He used, therefore, to drive over to the barracks where the 115th Heavy Dragoon (Black) Guards were quartered every morning after breakfast, not returning till mess was over; so that my time was very cheerfully spent during that apology for a honeymoon. There was a good billiard table over at the barracks, and lots of subalterns with long purses, more especially as they had very little opportunity of spending money. So the major very kindly helped them to do so by winning it from them at pool. As he said to me the week after our marriage, 'We must get through this four weeks somehow, you know, so I'll just run over during the day and rook the boys of a few dibs, and be back in time for dinner.' He never was, but always sent me a message to say 'he was very sorry he was detained, but young Sinclair would insist upon having his revenge after dinner;' or 'Bertie Howard had challenged him to a game of pyramids, and it was necessary to check such presumption on the part of a junior officer.'

Well, the 115th, nevertheless, found it, as I did, awfully slow, and Captain Finnesse, very handsome, splendid weepers, and such black eyes, thought, I suppose from my looks, that I wasn't the sort of girl to mend the major's socks the week after my marriage while he staked my money at billiards, and accordingly he came to see me the first morning after my husband commenced his visits to the mess. He certainly knew how to shake hands; and I am positive he must have rehearsed his smile before the looking-glass for days beforehand. Oh! it *was* such a smile.

Well, the first thing he said to me was: 'How very sad you are looking, Mrs. Graspall; I sincerely trust you have received no bad news. Your husband! he is ill, or, more probably, you are feeling lonely, melancholy!' and then I heard him mutter as if to himself, 'Heavens, what beauty! How interesting! How young!' Of course I at once affected him after this, for I really was very pretty. As I have not yet recorded what I was like in those days, I will do so now. I was of the pink and white school. Dark-blue dreamy eyes, long lashes, arched eyebrows, classically curved mouth, cherry lips, pearly teeth, tiny lovely ears, golden hair down to my waist, and a complexion

of alabaster and light carmine that would not rub off. A small head of graceful form, with my hair bound back with a blue ribbon. My hands were small and exquisitely white; my fingers tapering. I wore only a beautiful turquoise ring in addition to my badge of office as a wife. I possessed what Finnesse described as a 'truly magnificent figure,' and I was, in short, what, on the sixth day of our acquaintance, he called 'a regular darling.' Upon my replying that I was certainly grieved that my husband had been called away so unexpectedly (I couldn't bear to admit that he had simply gone to swindle some unfortunate boys), he replied (though he knew perfectly well where the major had gone—indeed I subsequently learnt it was he who had advised him to go): 'Ah, gone on some legal business, I suppose. The lawyers in this country are so dilatory; climate affects the tape, I've no doubt; and when settlements are concerned, it is necessary to be continually keeping them up to their work. Poor Graspall! Well I know how he must feel these unfortunate separations.'

He knew very well also that he was leading me to think what a wretch the major was, and by the contrast of his ideas to those of my husband, how mean a man the major was compared to him.

'Do you know, dear Mrs. Graspall,'—and as he said this he gazed intently out of window as if quite unconscious of his impertinence, and continued: 'I have always thought that my poor mother was, after all, quite right when she used to say, 'One of the chief advantages of marriage to a woman is the independence it gives her of the world's opinion. She can then enjoy those little agreeable friendships, those congenial, platonic acquaintances which, if she had indulged in before marriage, would have brought down upon her the animadversions of the whole fashionable world.'

And again he brought that exquisite smile to bear on my eyes.

Glancing at my piano one day, which was open, and at which I had been playing when he came in as usual, he said, 'Do you not doat on music?'

'I am certainly very fond of it,' I replied.

"Ah, then, we do agree. How delightful! May I be so bold as to try your piano? A Broadwood, I see; also my favourite maker. What a charming tone, dear Mrs. Graspall."

As I was about to notice his constant use of this expletive, he ran his fingers lightly over the keys, and saying that he would just see if it was a good instrument for accompanying the voice, sang to a plaintive air—

Hopeless I love thee! Knowing too well
That thou art another's. 'Tis Heaven's dire will.
Thy beauty hath kindled in this desolate heart
Adoration unquenchable till death us do part.

Alas, thou art wedded. I must crush out the love
That is yearning towards thee, beautiful dove ;
The love that is quenching all earthly delight ;
The love unrequited, that life e'en doth blight.

Then pity me, desolate, loving thee thus,
Ah, sweetest of passions, forbidden to us ;
Can the bond of the altar cease ere in the grave,
Is there hope for the lover, unwedded, but brave."

'This wretched doggel concluded, he asked me, in the most complacent manner possible, if I 'did not think it pretty.' The music was, and I replied in the affirmative, though I believe he made up the words as he went along. He remarked, as he took up his topee to go, that the piano was very much out of tune, and with my permission he would come over the following day and see to it. Of course I could only thank him for his kindness, though I begged him not to take the trouble. Thus things went on. He came twice a day for four days afterwards, always on some pretext or other which at the time seemed sufficient excuse, but on the fifth morning, clever tactician as he was, he omitted to come, knowing that I should be likely to expect him, from the mere fact of his having been every day previously, for habit is, as we all know, second nature. I did miss him, left all alone by my unfeeling husband. His rattling talk, his exquisite performances on the piano, his agreeable remarks on my good taste and beauty, all were missed ; and when he sent round in the afternoon to say he was ill, 'he thought it must be a slight sun-stroke from having been out so much in the morning lately,' I really felt quite concerned, and as if I was partly to blame for his illness, and I looked forward to seeing him again that we might sing some more duets together. The next day he came I noticed a great change in his manner. He was decidedly distant and cold. I was most perplexed.

He said abruptly : 'Is it true, then ?'

'True ! Is what true ?'

'That you ridiculed me cruelly to a brother officer yesterday ; that you said you disliked me, nay, that you despised me ;—in short, that you did not care for me, and this while I was on a bed of sickness ?'

'Certainly not,' I said, indignant at anybody having so hurt his feelings.

'You do, then,' he exclaimed, 'you do care for me. Oh, angelic Ada, say it again,' and in a moment he had encircled my waist with his arm and was passionately kissing me.

'Halloa !' cried my husband, who entered at this moment.

[To be continued.]

OXFORD REVIEWED.

PART I.

No keen observer of human nature can fail to be impressed, after a short stay in Oxford, with the peculiar air of unreality that pervades the place. From the cabman who has brought him from the station and managed to obtain double his fare without making any demand at all, to the enormously 'got-up' exquisites who saunter down the High Street as if their legs did not belong to them; from the staid University Don, who, with mien severe and books under arm, dodges about like a fitful spirit, to the athletic undergraduate, who, clothed like a mediæval sumpter mule, sniffs the air with all the eagerness of a broken-winded race-horse; from big to little, from old to young, all are unreal, all are artificial.

As there is no such thing as effect without cause, it may not be out of place, in 'THE DARK BLUE' to attempt to examine and enquire into the cause or causes of the characteristic of Oxford life that we have just described—a characteristic that we feel is but the outward symptom of a disease that is so deep and of such long standing that all who discover its existence, apparently appalled by its magnitude, either flee from it and disown it, or attempt by tin-pot measures of relief to restore that which is radically wrong.

In our opinion, the primary cause of this sad blot on our principal educational system is owing to the fact that Oxford is emphatically not a University at all, and is really nothing more than a highly respectable and antiquated institution, of which one cannot even say that it has conserved its original and proper purpose. Where are the crowds of students who once collected by the banks of the Isis to receive instruction from distinguished professors, and to pursue a course of quiet study? Gone—while their place has been taken by a generation richer in purse, though not in intellect, who excuse their utter indifference to study by asserting that their friends or parents merely desired them to go to college to be socially rubbed down, and not for the purpose of cramming their brains

with a mass of rubbish which will never stand them any stead in future life. Where are the professors and teachers who once drew even kings and princes to their feet to listen to their words of instruction and wisdom? Gone—while their place has been taken by men whose one object in life is ease and good living, and whose soul-chilling, enervating influence pollutes and even poisons such healthy intellects as may by chance stray among them.

A few men, indeed, may, and perhaps have, by a combined process of physical starvation and intellectual hot-housing, astonished the nation and the world by their eccentricity; but the fact remains that Oxford year by year does emphatically and distinctly fail to send out eminent barristers, medical men, historians, clergymen, literary men, in any number. There are, to be sure, certain political gentlemen who claim a connection with the University, and who are usually pointed out as the product of a grand system of liberal education, somewhat in the same way that itinerant vendors of fruit conceal the inferiority of their wares by covering them up with a little decent-looking but tasteless stuff that they have obtained elsewhere.

The men who work at all do so from compulsion alone. They are either compelled by the force of circumstances to make a living, and hence struggle with their fellows for the greatest share of the loaves and fishes, obtaining sometimes a certain ephemeral reputation which they soon take care themselves to dissipate by a life of subsequent inertion; or they are compelled, by such lax discipline as there exists in the place, to go through a modicum of work that will entitle them to take up a position of intellectual superiority through life, and will cause them to look back upon what they are pleased to call their University career as a period of great self-denial and intellectual exertion.

The whole system, with its tumble-down colleges, antiquated halls and chapels; its fellowships, proctors, and examinations; its athletics, restricted society, and bad food; its Jesuitical terrorism and utter license; its sanctity and body-worship; its clever tradesmen and eccentric philosophy; its renegade politicians and broken-down servants; its duns and poisoned drinks; its villanous tobacco and bad drainage; its mammon-worship and irreligion; its Stigginses and Micawbers—is a hydra-headed monstrosity, which is doing its best, backed up by certain other peculiarities of our glorious Constitution, to undermine and sap the little physical and intellectual health we possess.

As this article was undertaken from a conviction that an honest patriot will first expose a sore that he perceives is ruining his country, and will then proceed to find remedies for it, so we would draw aside the curtain and reveal a system we abhor, in all its hideousness, and then would suggest remedies, giving all their proper due

—remedies that we believe, with proper application, would transform this whited sepulchre, this charnel-house of old bones, into an earthly paradise, where the streams of knowledge would flow unpoluted by external influences, and giving healthful life to all who, entering in, would fain recline upon their verdant sloping banks and gently drink.

We will now proceed to investigate somewhat more definitely the principal causes to which the present degraded position of the University is due. We will enumerate them in the order of their importance :

1. *The system of election to Fellowships, or principal prizes of the University.*
2. *The system of examination, or means of granting degrees.*
3. *The system of credit adopted by the University tradesmen.*
4. *The system of University society.*
5. *The system of compulsory attendance at chapel.*
6. *The system of college expenditure.*
7. *The system of athletic exercise.*
8. *The system of Proctors, or University Police.*
9. *The system of physical nourishment, or food system.*

The above nine systems pretty well comprise the whole structure, management, and routine of the University, and in our opinion constitute the chief abuses. We will commence this portion of our article by investigating the

'System of election to Fellowships, or principal prizes of the University,' which we have placed first in order of importance because it is this system which, we believe, gives the principal tone to the University. A Fellowship is worth from two to three hundred, or even more, pounds per annum, and, with the exception that it disappears on marriage or necessitates the taking of holy orders, is untrammelled by any other condition except mere physical existence. Sometimes, but not always, a Tutorship is united to a Fellowship in unholy matrimony, the result being generally feeble, as is the case usually in all improper connections. We will now consider what class of men become Fellows, by what means they do so, and what becomes of them when they have done so. The class of men who become Fellows comprises, as a rule, most of the really clever and diligent members of the University—men who have made proper use of the opportunities placed before them, and have had, in addition, the good fortune or the morality to avoid the many pitfalls that beset their course. Generally these men have been impressed from their youth with the necessity of making their own way in life, and hence, pursuing a definite system, they strain every possible nerve to obtain as many of the chief prizes as possible. So far so good. But

when we come to enquire what use these men make of the prizes they have obtained, we find the result simply lamentable. Whether it be the system of competition by which they have obtained, not only their Fellowship, but even in many cases their education itself, or whether it be that intercourse with men who are dilatory and inert has enervated them; be it what it will, one cannot help confessing that the result is disappointing. For ourselves we are of opinion that the candidates for Fellowships—that is, men who from an early period work in the hope of obtaining such a prize—look upon it as the end and very object of their lives, promising themselves a certain amount of ease and competence when they have attained it, as an additional incentive to labour. Thus they utterly ignore and stultify the whole purpose of an University education, which they forget is intended to prepare a man for a future career of activity in life, and was never ordained to be a finality, which attained, one might rest and be thankful. The Fellows to whom we are now alluding are almost in all cases guilty of that dire crime, ‘absenteeism’—that is, they draw their income from the revenues of the College where they obtained their Fellowship, and having signed a receipt for the money, or, in some cases, not even that, they consider that they have contributed their proper quota to the maintenance of the University. Of such, the College of Magdalen affords many distinguished examples; in fact, almost until lately, the number of Fellows was in excess of the number of resident Undergraduates. Some Fellows there certainly are who live away from Oxford, and yet sustain the honour and reputation of their University by pursuing lives of great activity at the bar, or in the world of letters.

Still even these are very few in number, and are almost all so well off that they could most easily afford to dispense with the income derived from the University. The other great division of ‘Fellows’ consists of the resident Fellows or Tutors—men who, to a very great extent, form the teaching establishment of the University. As a rule, these enter upon their new phase of life with some energy, with some desire to do their duty, and in some cases even with a hope of introducing reforms in places where they may deem such desirable. For a time they struggle and lead a most precarious and uncomfortable existence among their older companions, till, finding themselves in a most inglorious minority, they become content with theory, and avoid practice. This course they find most satisfactory. By saying much and doing little, they to a certain extent do not forfeit the good opinion of that mysterious body the ‘College,’ while they still retain a reputation for advanced thought and liberal opinion. This they support either by communicating to a select few—generally undergraduates—their opinions, under a faithful promise of silence; or they raise a fearful din at meetings of the Uni-

very
whi
been
left
pen
havi
agai
Ther
they
stud
has
have
their
the c
Th
come
necte
a Fell
On ce
means
of the
be mo
factory
establi
Fellow
to rem
always
mation
fact, an
tour o
lecturin
and we
another
can imp
concern
matters
formed
hangs by
at the p
at the ve
and lect
men assi
more.

versity by proposing to alter 'ad haec' to 'ad hoc' in Statute XLVIII. ; while, should they be in good spirits and confident of success, they have been known to summon up courage sufficient to propose that 'ad haec' be left out altogether. In time, however, the requisite energy for such stupendous administrative struggles fails them, and they join the drones, having learnt by experience that in an institution like Oxford 'to kick against the pricks' is not conducive to self-interest. Yet let us be just. There are a few—alas, a very few—who, by continuing to work after they have been elected to a Fellowship, show that they are in reality students ; there are also a few—or rather there were, for the University has disestablished and disendowed them by some means or other—who have had both the moral courage and the energy to continue raising their voices against a state of things they saw clearly was rotten to the core.

The means by which men are elected to Fellowships, and what becomes of them after election, are questions that are most closely connected together. A notice is issued that College A or B intends electing a Fellow from members of the University who are properly qualified. On certain days duly announced beforehand, examinations are held by means of papers of questions, and according to the written answers one of the candidates is selected. At first sight, nothing would appear to be more fair, and no means possibly better calculated to ensure a satisfactory result. We have, however, to remember that the teaching establishment of each College is entirely composed of men elected to Fellowships in the manner we have described above, and we have also to remember that the ability of writing a good written answer does not always go hand in hand with the power of imparting the same information orally—in other words, with the power of lecturing. This is a fact, and a fact that is only too patent at Oxford. Let any man make a tour of inspection through the various Colleges, and he will find the lecturing power of the Tutors absolutely microscopic. Now, we hold, and we think rightly too, that a man, though knowing twice as much as another, yet able only to impart a third of his knowledge while the other can impart nearly the whole, is, as far as the purposes of tuition are concerned, the inferior man of the two. Let us suppose, however, matters as they are, and let us consider briefly the present work performed by the Tutors. Glance but at the list of College Lectures that hangs by the gate, and the facts strike you at once. You are astonished at the paucity of teachers for so many men, and at the same time wonder at the versatility of a Tutor who takes a class of Euripides from 10 to 11, and lectures on philosophy from 11 to 12. The average number of men assigned to one Tutor is about 25, while in some cases it is even more. At Exeter there is but one mathematical lecturer for the whole

College of more than 150 men. The evils of this condition are enormous, but as the condition itself is caused by the absurdly low standard fixed by the University authorities as sufficient for obtaining a degree, we will speak of them elsewhere. That one and the same man, and that man, by his very position, one of exceptional power, should be occupied in teaching not only the highest portions of any one form of study, but at the same time the very rudiments as well, appears to us absurd, except on the supposition that the highest portions have been engrafted in the system of tuition as an afterthought, and have as yet no truly-defined and satisfactory status. We may as well state here, before we progress any further, that the examinations for the pass degree at Oxford are a most disgraceful and disreputable farce, and that the social position occupied by men who have taken such a degree has most distinctly been obtained by false pretences. We will give only one instance of this. At one of the pass examinations for moderation, the mathematical examiner had after much reluctance consented to give a second paper to all men who obtained twenty-five marks out of a hundred. One man had only reached a total of twenty-one; procured by scraping together all that was possible. The examiner refused to give him a second paper, but enormous pressure was put upon him by the other examiners to pass the ignoramus. Luckily he remained firm, and the man was rejected. To point the story still more, it should be remembered that the examination alluded to is one that many intelligent boys of sixteen at a public school would pass with ease. If it must remain a part of the system that legions of the great unread are to find a temporary haven of rest at Oxford, to be again emitted after a period, like half-hatched chickens with but their heads and legs protruding from their shells of ignorance, then let the University be consistent and hire a gross or so of national schoolmasters, whose experience will best enable them to deal with this mass of intellectual incapables. In that case we shall not have our best classics dragging a class of men through thirty lines of Homer by main force, to the great trial of their health and temper, nor should we see a mathematical genius engaged in showing that $(x + y)^2 = x^2 + 2xy + y^2$; a fact that his audience, as a rule, forget on the morrow, being no doubt so over-weighted with knowledge that like with carriers' vans, little things will drop off occasionally. There can be no possible doubt but that the course pursued at present must exhaust the Tutors fearfully. It may be argued that change and variety are healthy, but surely not such change and variety. To jump from the highest to the lowest, or from the lowest to the highest form of study, as the College clock strikes the hour—for the men are very punctual in departing from a lecture—must be a mental strain that will in time considerably impair the intellect and of a surety ruin the temper. Of the latter result we are absolutely convinced. To

sum up this portion of the paper we would say that the Tutors are not selected properly. Secondly, that when selected, they are badly treated, and compelled by the noxious atmosphere of the University to pull with the majority, though it be to their own certain destruction. We would now, in conformity with the plan we proposed at the outset, suggest remedies for such portion of the evil as we have already laid bare.

- I. No Fellow who does not become a Tutor should hold his Fellowship more than five years.
- II. No Fellow who does not become a Tutor should be expected to work more than twenty-five years, after which time he should give up his Fellowship, and receive a pension from the College funds; or if they are insufficient from the University chest.
- III. No Fellow should be compelled to take Holy Orders.
- IV. The Junior Fellows should take the whole of the Pass work for a time till they become Senior.
- V. The number of Tutors should be increased in every College.

As regards the first of the proposed reforms, it is self-evident that a man who is not a Tutor is engaged, or at any rate, ought to be, in some other occupation. If he be not engaged in some other occupation, there can be no possible argument for continuing his Fellowship longer, except it be that a spell of hard work has entitled him at the age of twenty-three to lead a life of reckless ease and inertia. Should he be engaged in some other occupation, he ought to be in a position by the end of five years to dispense with his Fellowship. He ought, either as a barrister, or as a doctor, or as an artist, or as a literary man, to be earning sufficient to be enabled to give up the income derived from the University. To say that a man might probably not have reached such a position is to beg the question. He most distinctly ought. Has he not, by numberless competitive examinations, been chosen the favoured child of the whole system; and if he has had the ability, energy, and moral courage to be successful in all these struggles at school and college, are we to suppose that he will not have the ability, energy, and moral courage to succeed in the struggle of life itself? There is one point that may perhaps be urged, and that occurs to us here—namely, that this long course of competitive examination has exhausted his energy and ability, and left him a hopeless, helpless wreck. If this is so, then the whole system is even worse than we thought. The minimum value of a Fellowship is two hundred pounds; if retained for five years, the sum received by the holder would be one thousand pounds—quite sufficient to start him in life—and at the same time not sufficient as a provision for the whole of his life; compelling him therefore to be active, and hence of further use to the State.

The second of the proposed reforms is one that should be introduced into all governing or corporate bodies. A man who has given the best portion of his life for a certain purpose, especially an educational one, ought, considering that in addition to the twenty-five years he has spent, probably twelve or fifteen in preparation, most certainly not be expected to drudge on longer. There is another great benefit which would result from this reform—namely, promotion would be quicker, and the periodical blocks caused by longevity would not occur.

We know well that it would be objected that neither the Colleges nor the University possess funds sufficient to pension off men after a service of a quarter of a century. That would be the objection ; we are, however, of opinion that an enquiry into the income of the Colleges and Universities is not only absolutely necessary, but would also disclose the fact that classics, mathematicians, historians, theologians, scientific men and doctors generally, are certainly not those best calculated to manage money with any degree of satisfaction to anybody, except to those who get the money. But granted even that the resources are insufficient for such a purpose, which we much doubt, then all the members on the books should pay one pound annually towards the pension fund ; this would provide sufficient for the object without being a burden to anyone.

The third reform is intended to abolish the nefarious practice of 'going into the Church' for the sake of obtaining all that can be got out of her. Surely no man, unless he feels a distinct calling, an unquenchable desire to be one of God's ministers, should be allowed to go through even so much as the ordination service. It is undoubtedly advisable that there should be a certain number of clergy in the governing body of each College for the proper maintenance of the services of the Church, but as regards any further purpose, we can see none, except it be a rather prevalent idea that a clergyman teaches far better than a layman, of the truth of which we are sceptical.

The fourth reform may be liable to some exception, on the score that men fresh from the schools are best able to teach the higher work of the University. We will not attempt to enter into any disquisition as to the relative merits of the Junior or Senior Fellows, except in so far as to admit that the exception is certainly worth consideration. All we would desire is that the best Tutors be not expected, as they now are, to waste their time and temper over the pass-men.

The fifth reform is a most desirable one, and one that would be followed by most beneficial effects. The Tutors would not be so hard-worked, the men would be better taken care of, a closer connection and greater sympathy would result between them and the men—in fact, the whole of the University would materially benefit by the change.

[To be continued.]

THE BABINIC REPUBLIC.

DURING the reign of King Sigismund Augustus II., an old estate, with the name of Babin, existed in the province Lublin of the kingdom of Poland, that looked so very shaky and dilapidated, that all the travellers who happened to pass it on their journeys could not help making puns on it in connection with its owner. This jocularitv had its origin chiefly in the great similarity which the name of the estate had to the words *baba* and *babine*, the former of which means, in the Polish language, an old woman, and the latter, old-womanish. Psomka, the noble owner of Babin, who must very often have heard these jokes, did, however, not get angry, but invited several friends, and exerted his oratorical powers—for which he was famous—to the utmost in the cause of a brotherhood or order of wit, which he intended to institute. His persuasions seem to have been successful, for we hear that the order was founded in 1568, at Babin, under the name of the Babinic Republic, and that Psomka was elected first president. They then, evidently to get their order talked about, gave themselves titles, as if they were members of a veritable Republic, and state ministers, ambassadors, archbishops, chancellors, governors, field-m Marshals, and a host of other functionaries were elected. Their system of electing was as follows: If anybody in society—at a banquet, at a ball, or in fact anywhere else—said or did anything which was against common sense, truth, or manners, he was declared fit to enter the Babinic Republic, and had given to him a title which stood most in accordance with his faults. For instance: if a person boasted that he had been in the wars, killed numbers of the enemy, and talked about fighting and martial deeds in general, he was elected Field-Marshal of the Forces, or dubbed a Knight of the Golden Spurs; did he talk of metaphysics and other high-flown subjects, and was known to understand nothing about them, he was made an Archbishop; did he converse about state affairs, confuse one thing with another, and contradict himself repeatedly, he was nominated to the post of Prime Minister or, may be, Secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs ; did he ridicule the religion of the nation, he was made a chaplain ; did he talk about dogs, horses, hawks, and foxes at unseasonable times, he was forthwith appointed Ranger of the Parks and Forests ; did he defend the rights and privileges of the Church very hotly, and advocate the burning the heretics, he was considered best person for Inquisitor *hæreticæ pravitis* ; and lastly, did he make puns, and relate things which had no sense nor wit, he was called a Court Jester. We hear that there was no position or rank in the kingdom of Poland that had not its nominal representative in the Babinic Republic.

When a person had been elected, and found willing to join the brotherhood, his patent was drawn up, the great seal of the Republic affixed to it, and handed to him by the proper officials with all the necessary ceremonies and formalities. If a person refused to join their order, which, however, not very often happened, he was persecuted with jeers, derision, and satire till his life was made a burden to him, and he had himself enrolled as a member to obtain peace. If a new candidate was proposed to the Senate, they deliberated for a long time whether to receive him or not. 'We must first hear him speak,' said they, 'that we may judge by his character and appearance what rank in the Republic he is most fit for. Long practice had made the superior officers of this order so skilful as regards human nature that, in the whole kingdom, there was not one who knew the passions of the soul better ; no teacher of ethics who could explain more clearly the virtues and vices of man ; and no physiognomist who could, by manners and external appearance, tell a person's character more correctly.

After a short time, the influence of this Order of Wit spread so far that either among the ministers, clergy, army, or other professions in the kingdom, there could scarcely be found a person who was not a member of it.

Eventually the king heard of it, and is said to have been highly amused. He asked some members whether they also had a king. Of course they had not, for their order was a Republic. But, nothing daunted, old Psomka, the president, who had a jovial appearance, and could at all times be seen laughing, replied, 'Distant be the day, most illustrious King, on which we shall elect another [king while you live ; you are, in our order the King.' Sigismund Augustus is said to have been delighted at this answer, and to have laughed at Psomka till everybody else laughed too.

If a member spoke insultingly to another, or slandered him, he was expelled as being unfit to assist in governing the Republic. But the one who, without giving offence, made most puns or jokes on another was specially distinguished. Their place of meeting was called *Gelda*, which word

meant, in Danzig (at that time), an inn, or a tavern, but in Poland, a great noise, or a disturbance. As every vice or failing was made by them the object of their ridicule and satire, the order was soon feared and admired by the whole nation. Protected by the order, genius reigned supreme; the then existing coarse wit was refined; the abuses which had entered into the Government were completely abolished, with the help of the brotherhood's satires; the members interested themselves in things of which they formerly had spoken much but understood nothing; the one learnt from the other by the mutual interchange of ideas; and they had in their order the most learned men of the kingdom to refer to in cases of doubt or dispute.

Thus we see that at this time the Babinic Republic did some good. The president, Psomka, and the next in office, Petras Cassovius, are frequently mentioned as being, in their old age, universally respected and beloved for their good humour, intelligence, and wit. No banquet or wedding was thought to be complete without these two jovial patriarchs, and people came long distances out of their way for the purpose of conversing with them.

After the death of Psomka, some nobles, at a dinner, commanded a poet to write an epitaph, in which the first president's virtues and deeds were faithfully enumerated; but no copy of it has been handed down to us.

Long before the end of the Eighteenth Century not a member of the Babinic Republic existed. The original intelligent men gradually disappeared, and their places were filled up by low illiterate buffoons, who brought their Republic rapidly to ruin.

‘SO VERY HUMAN.’¹

AT the present time when so much flimsy writing is placed before the public under the head of fiction,—words founded on some case in a court of law ; tales of domestic and often uninteresting life, spiced with sensational and impossible episodes ; books with no purpose and no meaning ; it is a relief to turn to an earnest work, such as ‘So Very Human.’ The author of this work is terribly in earnest, in exposing the vices, and we may add the crimes of the age. The pictures of life he draws are perhaps not very comforting, but no one who examines them carefully, can deny their truth, or fail to admire the manner of the painting. The cynic, the egotist, the rogue, and the lawyer are ruthlessly and powerfully exposed ; and there is a fearlessness in the exposure, which unfortunately for humanity, finds its justification in truth and facts.

The book may indeed be called one of facts, for the genuineness of the characters cannot be doubted ; and the incidents of the story are nearly all such as we either hear of or see in every day life.

The story, a very exciting and interesting one, is almost subsistent to the pictures of social life and character which are disseminated through the book, and in which the great power and observation of the writer are seen to best advantage.

The book opens with a graphic description of a rich parvenu’s household, where Blanche, the heroine of the tale, is a governess. This wealthy self-made man is mercilessly shown as he mostly is, and not as the outer world, ever ready to admire success, sees him. He is ‘grasping, cunning, ostentatious, and avaricious ; brutal as the associations of his origin, unscrupulous as the means of his success.’ His family are worthy of him in vulgarity, conceit, and ignorance ; and Blanche, a lady by birth and education, has to submit to the torture which vulgar breeding and ignorance inflicts on the gentle and helpless. She, however, finds a deliverer in the person of Authur Aubrey, a man of fortune and good taste, but, as he proves, subsequently, a man without character or even common sense. They are married, and the reader is then introduced to fashionable London society.

¹ ‘A Tale of the Present Day.’ In Three Vols. By Alfred Bate Richards. (Chapman & Hall.)

The wits, the fools, the common-place folk, the jumble of puppets which constitute society, and dance to the wires pulled by the leaders of fashion, are here admirably described, and Aubrey's residence in Queen's Square is typical of its close. This chapter is one of the best in the book. It is drawn with almost vexatious correctness, and we can quite understand the host and hostess exclaiming after one of their fashionable drums, 'Thank Heaven! They are all gone.'

But Aubrey is fond of society, and although he may say to his wife, after a weary reception, when his guests have departed :

They are all gone, all the vain and cold-hearted;
The jewelled, and feathered, and dyed.
Now the last smiling wretch has departed,
Come hither love, sit by my side!

he is too heartless and feeble to eschew the society he moves in, and continues giving routes and fashionable drums, until he is hopelessly involved in pecuniary difficulties.

But this unfortunate result is not entirely caused by his recklessness and extravagance. The lawyers have a finger in this pie, and how these gentlemen assist Aubrey in demolishing his fortune, is minutely and graphically explained. We follow one of them to the 'Escorial,' a visit which leads to the introduction of 'Kitty Dareall,' one of the strongest characters in the book. She is at that time a forlorn being on the arid waste of London pavements, but still possessed of womanly feeling and a tender heart. How she reforms, becomes a celebrated actress, falls in love, obtains wealth, and eventually devotes her life and fortune to doing good, is admirably told, and the story of Kate Dareall's life is one of the best in the book. We cannot do better than quote the author's description of her, when at the height of her success on the London stage.

'Her form was slight but rounded; her head small, and placed on her slender throat with admirable poise; and her hands and feet, the latter cased in a small pair of white mocassins, embroidered with moose-hair by Indian skill, were of the most delicate proportions and shape. Her mass of light-brown hair, which was shot, silk-like, with a golden hue, was thrown off the face and formed into a roll behind, confined by a simple stiletto of gold, in a style which a sea-nymph's toilet could not have surpassed in perfect but unstudied grace. The expression of her large grey eyes were most peculiar. At one moment they had an almost animal-like vivacity and brightness, reminding the gazer involuntarily of a tawny pard; at another they had a soft and beseeching look, which might have been worn by Helen when she besought favour and forgiveness at old Priam's hands. Then there were rare moments, when an intense melancholy which shadowed her whole aspect, filled those grey orbs with an undefinable tenderness, so sympathetic and so sorrowful, that you could not help thinking of what Beatrice Cenci might have been had her young life been spared, when dreamily gazing in some conventual retreat at the dark cypresses and pines bordering her garden walk in the glowing sunset of an Italian eve. But these moments were rare indeed, and those who were privileged to witness them were few. Her general expression was one of extreme archness and gaiety, mingled with *mutinerie* and

daring. The shape of her nose was quite suited to give effect to this expression. It was a Greek nose spoiled for the purposes of classical sculpture by being slightly *retroussé*; but we can venture to say that no one would have wished it to preserve a severer regularity of outline. Her mouth too, was a trifle wide, at least so it seemed by the breadth and fullness of her lower lip. It was, perhaps, a slightly sensual mouth; but curved with the sweetest good nature. Her teeth were exquisitely pearly and regular; her brow wide, but by no means lofty. This arose from no want of intellectual development, but from the simple fact that her hair grew low. Her complexion was clear, but not dazzlingly white. If we were to search for a poetical comparison we should prefer calling it ivory rather than alabaster in its hue. But the colour of her cheeks, which never increased much, though it might and did vanish sometimes, leaving a forlorn wanness in its place, was like that of a winter rose, or the pink inside of a sea-shell. Altogether, we have been most forcibly reminded of her by one of those *statuettes en biscuit* which we see now so often in the shop-windows—one of a girl with head thrown back and arms stretched behind her; a saucy, provoking, mischievous, laughing demoiselle, infinitely more attractive than Joan of Arc, and other statuettes without turned-up noses, and bewitching coquetry of attitude and expression.'

No wonder Aubrey, like many others, is attracted by the brilliant actress, and allows infatuation to carry him so far as to drive her down to Richmond in his carriage, an indiscretion which one of the characters takes an opportunity of commenting on within the hearing of Mrs. Aubrey, who has become blind. Wounded love and jealousy lead Blanche to despair, and she determines on taking a desperate and fatal step, namely, that of committing suicide. She finds her way, blind and despairing, to Westminster Bridge, and throws herself into the river. But she is saved from the death she had sought by the courageous exertions of the Downy Cove, a quite original, but a good-hearted, well-intentioned fellow. An Arab of the streets, but not a snob; ready to risk his own life to save others, willing and anxious to serve others, and doing good in his own humble way to all except himself.

The Downy Cove is a pleasant 'bloke' to meet, and plays a not unimportant part in the story of Aubrey's life. After the rescue Mrs. Aubrey finds herself in the hands of Kate Dareall, who tenderly cares for her. She recovers her sight, and lives to become a renowned singer. In after years, while stopping at an hotel near the Westminster Bridge, a fire breaks out in the house and she is rescued by a wretched being, himself on the point of committing suicide, who is no other than her husband.

Arthur Aubrey's character is exceedingly well drawn. He is weak in character, though kind-hearted and well-meaning, and irresolute to the last. Even when on the bridge and determined to end a useless and miserable existence, his purpose is altered by a cry of 'Fire!' and he rushes off to the conflagration, where indeed he finds his wife, and loses his eye-sight.

Aubrey is not the only weak man we meet in the course of the story.

Mr. Richards delights in showing up the feebleness of the so-called sterner sex. Sir Harry Luckless is good-natured but weak, and even the flinty old lawyer has a soft corner which, however, is only known to a certain person who inhabits the 'Groves of the Evangelist.' The women on the other hand, are nearly all fine and admirable characters. But all the personages are drawn with photographic minuteness. The contrast between light and shade in the pictures is always strong, perhaps too strong sometimes, yet everything that is said is true, and very human. We have society shown to us without the superficial gilding of humbug, with which we delight to cover it, and we have human hearts and minds with human motives and feelings. Not that humanity is shown as altogether bad, for there are bright pages radiant with kindness and goodness; but some among the social crowd are painted in dark, very dark colours.

We do not think the police, especially the London police, deserve quite so much correction as Mr. Richards seems to infer. He has not always minutely weighed the amount of error, but whenever he has found grave abuse he has denounced it with a relentless and powerful hand.

Mr. Richards is not, however, without a vein of humour, and some of his pictures are as comic as they are real. For instance, what more perfect could be said of the genus 'butler,' as represented by a pompous individual of that class who had fattened on the best of aristocratic crumbs, than the following :

'It was curious how he quartered himself, as it were, on the shields of the great families with whom he happened to be successfully identified in pursuing the duties of his profession. On these occasions, when speaking of their heraldic pretensions, he would say: "We bear a cock rampant on a chevron gules," or, "Our motter is 'Nomen et numen,' though what new men has to do with it I don't exactly see." Or, "Our fammerly came in with the Conqueror." Or, "This house is of Scotch extraction. We are lineally descended from the Haggis of Haggis, twice hintermarried with the well-known barrownites of Brose." There was something sublime in this elevation to heraldic blazonry and genealogical lore on the part of Bigsby, when we consider that he was liable at any time to be compelled to provide himself with a new coat-of-arms at a month's warning.'

'So Very Human' will stand as a book to be consulted hereafter as a description of the state of society in the days we live in. Powerful diction, wide grasp of subjects, and accurate descriptive power, are some among the many qualities of the writer. Not that the book is free from blemishes or faults. It would not be 'so very human' if it were. It wants in polish at times, and artistic taste. The materials are clumsily, though strongly, put together, and the structure is rugged and rough. But when we examine it closely, we find that all the elements used in the construction are sound and durable. Above all, it is an earnest book, and whatever its failings may be in an artistic point of view, the feelings expressed are those of a generous and chivalric mind, ready to

support the down-trodden and do battle for the weak against the strong. The author may be a little severe at times ; but if his criticisms are merciless, they are directed against the strong and unscrupulous. The weak woman or poor street Arab are comforted with words of charity and mercy. Speaking of the poor, we quote the following :

'What are the enjoyments of the poor? None, literally none ; save those which are blistered by Sin and Shame, and breathed on by Death. You, legislators and Pharisees, who take such a morose delight in worrying with over-legislation those who have so little to solace the toils and miseries of life, what is it that inspires your selfish aims? You would ruin the trade of the respectable licensed victualler by robbing the poor man of the means of refreshment and necessary sustenance, through the iniquitous restriction of your arbitrary laws. You make his Sunday a day of morose impiety, a day sacred to drink and blasphemy ; drink within legal and stated hours for drunkenness, and blasphemy throughout all, from haggard morn to ghastly night. You carefully and piously close every institution that could possibly instruct and divert his mind, while you loll in your clubs and carriages, quaff your claret at any hour of the Lord's day, indulge in swinish gluttony, and finish with cards or a "little music," which the most decent or hypocritical sinners among you call "sacred," with an effrontery which makes your servants grin and your sons and daughters smile over the hollowness of your hearts. The very waste in your kitchens would provide all the hungry wretches in your cities with a meal ; yet you deny it, and give it not. Lo ! on your palace-roofs and house-tops brood vast phantoms of vengeance, sitting darkly with closed wings, until the hour arrives, as vultures await a feast, after the encounter of armed hosts.'

The book will be read with deep interest by all classes of readers, who will find in its pages many incidents of vivid reality, and numerous amusing anecdotes amid the serious chapters about serious things. The pictures of life are so true that, in closing the book, the reader will exclaim, as we do, '*How very human !*'





DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'ZILLAH.'

Is
da
wh
Th
hin
ma
and
util
hat
all
app
em
exis
Cre
nec
Cou
wh
life
dra
stu
sur